

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A  
Magazine for  
Lovers of  
Good Reading*

*March*

*1945*

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Deciding Your Vocation

Adventure by Parachute

Large Family Haven

Outposting in Brazil

Horseshoes and Holy Water

Swamp Scene

R. F. D.

The Urgency of Christ's Passion (p. 110) — On Destructive Criticism (p. 116) — On Soldiers and the Mass (p. 135) — On Censureship of Books (p. 136)

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Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

## AMONGST OURSELVES

Our correspondents on the far battlefronts are slackening in their writing pace, thereby giving us minor indications of the intense military activity that is going on in both wars. Correspondent and Chaplain E. F. Miller is with the 7th Army in the Alsace sector of Europe, where action has been fast and furious ever since December. Correspondent and Chaplain L. G. Miller has recently been changed from a hospital unit on New Guinea to an engineers' outfit, which opens great vistas of possible new experiences in the Far East. For first hand views of how both wars were won, you will have to stick to your LIGUORIAN, where the final results, which we fervently hope will be effected soon, will be packaged and presented.

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Recently we overheard a lady talking to a companion about religion in the seat behind us in a train. (Not strangely, perhaps, the sight of a Roman collar often starts people off on the subject of religion.) "I don't go to church any more," said this lady. "Had too much of it when I was a child. I even sang in the choir and all that sort of a thing. When I got older I began to change off churches, but I was too fed up and so don't go at all any more." That's probably the No. 1 excuse of Americans by and large for

not going to church. "I had too much of it when I was a child." A sorry kind of excuse, even though in some cases there may have been cause for distaste in the kind of religion that was offered and the way in which it was "forced" on the child. But an adult is surely acting like anything but an adult when he uses childhood dislike of regimentation as a motive for being content to ignore God when he is mature and free. THE LIGUORIAN has for one of its aims the presentation of religious thought as the free man's heritage, something he needs and wants, no matter what his childhood experiences were. . . . Another day in a train we heard a well-to-do business man say to a friend after we happened to pass his seat: "Those priests think they are God. They even think they can forgive sins. You know what I believe? I believe that when you do wrong, the only one who can forgive you is yourself." We chuckled silently to ourselves. Far removed as we are from the least consciousness of divinity, we could hardly help thinking that no one ever approached more nearly to the assumption of being God than the man who said: "The only one who can forgive my sins is myself." Nice thought, for Hitler, for gangsters, for murderers, for adulterers. We'll have none of it, now or ever.

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### The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

L. G. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

T. TOBIN, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: F. B. BOCKWINKEL, C.Ss.R.

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## *Prayer of a Soldier for Fear*

Lord, let me fear, fear is my magic cloak,  
Creating cunning, lending strength and skill.  
Let me, from fear, know how to meet the stroke  
Of foeman's might, whose heart is set to kill.

Lord, let me fear — fear most that unafraid  
I shall rush foolishly into the fray,  
Unmindful of the traps and snares well laid  
To make a fearless man an easy prey.

Yet more, Lord: This incessantly I pray,  
Let me, when this great need of fear is o'er  
Not banish fear, nor ever think nor say  
I have no need for fearing any more.

Fear be my arms against those willier foes  
Who scorn mere enemies of flesh and bone;  
Who lie in wait for him who fearless goes  
And aim their shafts against his soul alone.

Give me good fear, Lord, now when death is near  
That I may use each artifice to live;  
Give me, than this, a greater, stronger fear  
Lest to Thy foe, this soul of mine I give.

D. F. MILLER



# DECIDING YOUR VOCATION

March has been designated as "Vocation Month" by the Missionary Union of the Clergy. Here is an article for parents, teachers, and especially for young people in their teens exploring the topic of the higher vocations.

D. F. MILLER

THERE is a false notion that has somehow got fixed into the minds of certain persons to the effect that vocations to the priesthood or the religious life are something about which nothing can be done; that some young people are practically forced into such a vocation and some are not, and that therefore nothing can be done nor need be done to stimulate vocations. There are thousands of young persons to whom the thought of becoming a priest or a religious has never come, simply because those immediately in charge of their education have never provided the opportunity for it to appear. Only rarely does God go out of His way and use an extraordinary means to awaken desire for the priesthood or the religious life in the heart of a youth; ordinarily He leaves the normal process of education to provide the first suggestion, to give the mind the knowledge of what glorious work can be done in such a vocation, and to stimulate the heart to desire to follow it.

It is certain, therefore, that many young people, who would otherwise never think of it, would find themselves possessing all the marks of a true vocation to the higher life, and with the qualities necessary to follow it, if somewhere between the ages of 14 and 20, they could be given sufficient knowledge of what such a life means to investigate their own moral and spiritual capacity for it and to question its desirability in their own regard. These lines therefore are addressed to Catholic teen-agers of two classes: (1) those who have the wrong notion that vocations to the

priestly or religious life are like bolts out of heaven striking only certain individuals; and (2) those who, even without a notion like the above, have simply never been inspired to think over the possibility in their own regard.

IT MAY be well to begin by narrowing down the number of those to whom these lines might conceivably apply by setting down certain conditions, which, in the arrangements of divine Providence, must be present before a person can rightly give thought to whether he or she has a higher vocation or not. Specifically the conditions are four, as follows:

1. *Sound health of mind and body.* God fits His instruments to the ends they must serve. Since the priestly or religious life is one of leadership and action, whether the latter takes the form of work in behalf of others or merely that of a special regime of prayer and sacrifice, it demands a normally strong constitution and a well-balanced mind and nervous system. Therefore, frailty of body, or any real danger of mental and emotional instability should be enough to convince a person that God will not call him to a state of life with which these are incompatible.

2. *Ordinary inclinations to study and normal talent for learning.* An exception can be made, in regard to this condition, in behalf of vocations to a religious life involving manual labor or the service of others, such as is the end of the vocation of many lay brothers. However, even in that case, the ability to learn cannot be of too

low a degree, because to be a good religious, even as a lay brother, it is necessary to be able to learn and understand many things pertaining to prayer, obedience, fidelity to rule, the interior life, etc. For the vocations that exercise a direct apostolate, whether that of priests, teachers, nurses, or missionaries, ordinary talent is a necessary condition. Brilliance or exceptional ability are not required.

3. *Ordinary piety and sound habits of virtue.* By ordinary piety is meant a normal disposition toward prayer and an ordinary attraction for religious services. It is by no means a necessary condition for a vocation that a youth be extraordinarily pious, or enthusiastic only for religious things, or uninterested in sports, recreation, clean and wholesome amusement. As a matter of fact, they usually become better priests and religious who have a hearty interest in the good things of the world which they are going to give up for the love of God. With ordinary piety, sound virtue must be present. This does not mean that there must be no faults; it does mean that there must be no serious habits of sin.

4. *Independence from clear obligations to others in the world.* A youth who is the sole support of his old mother or ailing father, or both, would clearly have an obligation to them that would exclude, for the time being, the thought that he should go off and become a priest or religious. Note that there should be *clear* obligations to constitute a barrier to a vocation. Sometimes this condition is wrongly thought to be present, as when parents do not actually need financial help, but insist on a son or daughter remaining with them "as a comfort." Nor does this condition mean that possible and remotely future needs of parents must be considered an ob-

stacle to a vocation. Many young people have given up a quite clear religious vocation because of a possible future need of their parents, and long before the need arose have left them to enter the state of marriage. Where there are only doubts about the future security of parents, it invariably works out that if the family trusts in God and permits a child to follow a higher vocation, God provides abundantly for the future.

THE four conditions necessary for considering the possibility of a priestly or religious vocation are obviously not very severe, and they are fulfilled in a great majority of Catholic youth in America. But a large part of that majority either erroneously think that an extraordinary sign should appear before they need consider such a vocation, or simply give it no thought at all. To them we address the following considerations, with the intent that they read them carefully, think on them personally, and only then consider the last question we shall address to them, in their answer to which some kind of indication will be given as to whether God might want them to give their lives to His special service.

1. If you become a priest or religious, you will assure yourself a thousand times more certainly than in any other way of saving your own soul. Of course you obtain this sense of special security not without price, but to anyone who has any concept of the all importance of the end, and the multiple dangers of failing to reach it that are present in the world, the thought will come that no price of security is too great to pay. Without in the least suggesting that those who choose to remain in the world are callous to the thought of losing their souls, it can be said that most vocations have something of this thought in their

origins: "I realize that, remaining in the world, I might too easily succumb to some of the temptations or false principles which already in my teens I see freely presented to me by the world. I want to be safe; I want to be as sure as I can be; I want the extra helps and enlightenments and graces that a priestly or religious life offers for the salvation of one's soul."

2. If you become a priest or religious, you will be giving your life to the noblest and most unselfish service of others that it is possible for a human being to render. As a priest or religious, your first aim in life will be to become a saint, to love God above all things, to strip your soul of the last clinging vestige of selfishness. Then on the foundation of this constant effort to be a saint will be built a lifework of service. It may be at the altar, in the pulpit, in the confessional as a priest; it may be in the classroom as a teacher; it may be in the hospital or sick room as a nurse; it may be in the field as a catechist, in the kitchen as a cook, in the orphanage as a second mother of abandoned children, or in the cloister as an interceder by prayer for the salvation of souls. But whatever the field, your work will be all for others, and will be more effectual in bringing happiness to mankind than any form of magnanimity practiced in the world.

3. If you become a priest or a religious, you will become a key figure in the transformation of the world that is absolutely necessary for the lasting peace everybody desires. Only under the Kingship of Christ, exercised through His Church, can the warring elements of the world be brought together in peace. Do you know that every diocese in the United States needs priests and religious? Do you know that Europe will be unable to supply foreign

missionaries for years to come, and that parts of it will need missionaries from outside merely to maintain the faith established there? Do you know that the United States, great, powerful nation that they form, with well over twenty million Catholics, supply a meager three per cent of the foreign missionaries in the world? Do you know that Canada, with one fifth as many Catholics as there are in the United States, sends twice as many missionaries overseas? Do not these needs, facts, opportunities awaken a glimmer of heroic desire in your heart?

4. If you become a priest or a religious, you will have a happiness beyond anything known by those who remain in the world and follow other vocations. This at first sight may seem hard to understand. The big questions that come to your mind as you think of becoming a priest or religious will be: "Shall I be happy? Shall I find the life too hard, too confining, too grim and unattractive?" These questions can all be answered firmly by those who know by experience: If you enter the priesthood or religious life to serve God and your fellow man, God will make you happier than those who remain in the world.

5. If you become a priest or a religious you will have the special joy of bringing happiness into many families which, without your prayers, assistance, and guidance, would never possess it. The strong instinct in all human beings is for a family of their own. It is the strength of that instinct that makes many young persons refuse to consider a religious vocation. If they could only realize that as a priest or a sister they will find this natural instinct fully though spiritually gratified by the joy they will bring to many families, they would not close their mind to the possibility of the higher vocation. Every

good priest, sister, and lay brother plays an important part in the establishment of happy homes and in the keeping of fathers and mothers and their children close to God.

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**H**AVING considered carefully this partial account of the greatness of the vocation to the priesthood or the religious life, you will want to know how it can be decided that it is or is not intended for you. It is natural that, because of the greatness of the calling, you would like to have a certain sign that it is meant for you. But God does not give certain signs in a matter of this kind. If he did, the free will through which He desires His creatures to serve Him would be too little exercised. Therefore the kind of signs God gives that you have a vocation to the priesthood or religious life constitute at most an invitation; no force accompanies them, and your free will is always the last deciding factor, subject of course, in the case of the priesthood, to a bishop's acceptance of your candidacy and call to ordination, and in the case of a religious, to the decision of the lawfully constituted superiors.

Now what are the signs that God is giving you an invitation? You will find them present if you feel that you can answer "yes" to the following questions, having, of course, first considered the necessary conditions outlined above, and having pondered for some time the advantages and opportunities of giving your life wholly to the service of God:

Do you find an eagerness in your heart for the security that would be yours if you could get away from the world, with all its temptations, dangers, and worries?

Do you find yourself strongly attracted to the idea of working wholly for others, of spreading the kingdom

of Christ, of combatting the paganism that is responsible for most of the sorrow and misery in the world?

Do you feel that you would love some particular work for souls enough to give your life to it, such as preaching, catechizing, instructing converts, nursing the sick, teaching in school, reclaiming fallen-away Catholics, doing social work for the neglected, etc.?

Are you conscious of a strong desire to make some great sacrifice for the love of Christ, such as giving up all earthly love and ambition?

Do you find little difficulty in the thought of giving up the things that most people love, such as dates, parties, shows, amusements, etc.?

Do you find it easy to get along with other people, easy to hide your feelings, easy to overcome resentment, easy to do things for people who are not very attractive or lovable?

Does the idea come to you at times that you want to become a saint, with the realization that you would find this very difficult so long as you remained in the world?

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**I**F YOUR answer to these questions is an honest "Yes," then it may be said that an invitation is being extended to you by Christ. Such desires and ideals come to you from Him, and are an indication of His will. It does not matter that they may vary in intensity; that there will be times when the world still exercises a strong attraction. You would not be human if there were no conflict of desires whatsoever. But if the desire for the higher things persists through all, it is truly an invitation. Your next step then will be to speak to your confessor or some other priest and lay your case before him. He will be able to help you decide freely and rightly what God wishes you to do with your life.

## ADVENTURE BY PARACHUTE (II)

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The first part of this true story, published last month, left Captain Wade, Catholic Chaplain of the U. S. Army, just landed in the jungles of the Himalayas in India, from a lost and spent plane flying "the hump."

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H. F. WADE

AFTER a series of short-lived dozes, I opened my eyes to a soft glow filtering through the trees. The shadows were grotesque and eerie, and the descent through the undergrowth appeared perilously steep and difficult. I needed more light before deciding my course — and I knew I needed every ounce of my strength when I decided. I felt warm in my flying suit, closed my eyes, and, strangely enough, fell asleep for about an hour. When I again opened my eyes, my surroundings were considerably more visible. "Rough" will describe that vision. I thought that I might try climbing over the mountain and head in the direction in which, I believed, Sergeant Pete Carlin had landed. Three attempts left me exhausted, entangled hopelessly in vines, and with more ground lost than gained. I quickly realized that I was never destined to be a mountain climber, nor was I in the same physical shape that I had been six years previously. It was cold, but I was sweating profusely, and panting like the bull I once saw in a Mexico City bullfight just before it received the death thrust. So my only way out — was down! Grasping the jungle knife in my right hand, and the branches and vines with my left, I hacked, cut, slid, tumbled, crawled for three hours until I came to a very narrow creek bed having hardly more than a trickle of water! Above, mountains enveloped me on three sides! Climbing had no appeal for me at all! But that trickle — it might lead to a stream, then to a river, eventually to a valley — what valley? I hadn't the slightest idea! But I do remember clearly that

my surroundings were giving me a queer feeling of claustrophobia. I started down, but only after yelling as loud as I could in the hope of attracting some of the crew, all of whom I fervently prayed had landed safely!

The first day's traveling was tough indeed — but consoling in the fact that the course was taking me down toward valley country, and even though over a long route, I knew the course would not lead me in circles. My consolation was: every step forward was a step closer home! There were definitely no vestiges of civilization — no signs that any human being had ever been in this territory. As the creek increased, the descent became more perilous, and my headway therefore became at times discouragingly slow.

About four in the afternoon I came to the first of the many waterfalls and cascades I was to pass. Some were easy, and others extremely dangerous. At first sight many appeared impassable, and despite almost insuperable difficulties, I was continually encouraged and driven onward by the fact that I was being brought closer to the valley. In all, through the four days of travel, I had to descend over twelve of these waterfalls. Some were a drop of only five or six feet; others poured over rocks to about twenty or thirty feet. Over four of these waterfalls I had to retrace my steps and climb the side of a steep mountain, and with my back clinging to the earth, work my way from tree to tree, cutting the underbrush beneath my feet. With each step I hoped that I would not come to a sheer drop as I

made my way around these falls. Fortunately, perilous though these detours were, I managed to crawl and slide around the falls.

**A**BOUT four-thirty or five o'clock the first evening, I came to a series of cascades that dropped about 150 feet. On both sides of these cascades were sheer walls of rock. I shuddered at the prospect of not being able to make it! However, I was too fatigued to give it much thought, and decided to sleep over it until the next morning, when I would have more strength and light. During the first day, and for the next four days, I could tell that the sun was shining only because of its reflection on the top of the thick trees overhead. Some brush, bamboo sticks, some gathered ferns made a soft bed on some huge boulders in the middle of the stream! And with the matches from my jungle kit I started a fire to try to dry out my clothing. However, just about dusk it started to rain. On the side of the hill, about five feet up, I found a niche with an overhanging rock. I dug this place out and piled a lot of leaves and ferns on the very wet ground, rubbed my face and hands with insect repellent, took a capsule of quinine, put my mosquito head-net on, and curled up for the night. It was fairly warm in my flying suit, and I slept comfortably until the next morning.

At daylight, I munched a piece of chocolate slowly, according to the instructions, drank some of the cool water of the stream, and faced the problems of descending the cascades. There was but one possibility and that would be very dangerous because of the slippery, moss-covered, slanting rocks plus my water-soaked flying equipment. The temptation to cast off some of the clothing was ever present, but the pos-

sibility of catching cold and getting sick at night without this equipment kept me from discarding anything. It was impossible to take the jungle kit with me any longer, so I stuffed my pockets with all its contents, and threw the kit away. Then down the cascades—step by step—until I found myself in a vertical position clinging to the sides of the rocks—absolutely unable to go back—unable to go forward! Jagged, uneven rocks protruded fifteen feet below. Inch by inch I wormed my way around a four-inch-wide ledge, and felt that I could make it to a lower ledge if a jutting rock about two feet away from my left hand would be able to hold the weight of my body. I slowly inched my way to where I could grasp the rock, and to my horror, it was loose and fell down below. The full weight of my body was being held by my right hand, and my feet were slipping on the wet ledge below! Immediately and instinctively I knew what had to happen! I uttered a fervent prayer, and had hardly finished when I went hurtling through space! I made a complete turn, and landed on the rocks below on my knees, arms, and head! I lay there exhausted and shocked for almost ten minutes! It surely seemed as if it was the end! I felt my head for blood, but there was none! My arm pained terribly, but as I could move it, I knew it wasn't broken. I moved each leg cautiously, then stretched both out slowly, and rolled over on my back. My back ached, and my ribs pained me severely, but I knew immediately I had sustained no serious injury. God's finger as yet hadn't beckoned! I arose, and slowly pushed on with the ever-present thought that again, one step further was one step closer to the valley and to a place where native fishermen might possibly be.

The remaining cascades were rela-

tively easy. About an hour after passing this scene, I came to another waterfall that took a drop of about six feet. The water, to one side, seemed shallow with a depth of no more than two feet. There was the possibility of sliding around the mountain, but I decided on leaping into the water. My perception as to the depth of the water, however, was far out of line, for I leapt in to find it shoulder deep! Thank God, my humor hadn't left me! The shock of the cold stream was breath-taking! I lost little time in reaching the nearest rocks, and lay down panting. Despite the discomfort I laughed aloud! No, I was not mentally slipping or getting hysterical. I thought of a story that Father Charles Mallon had told me years ago in the seminary. A traveler, in the clear air of the Rockies, set out on a trek with a companion, for a mountain that he could see, and mistakenly thought was but a short distance away. He walked eight hours, and after each hour became more and more puzzled. The mountain never seemed to be getting any closer. At length, the travelers came to a narrow stream, in reality no more than six feet wide and no more than a foot in depth. He stopped, started, stopped—and began to disrobe. His companion asked what he was doing. "Well, I don't know," the traveler answered. "When we started for that mountain, it seemed only about a mile away. We've been walking now, eight hours, and it still looks a mile away. I'm not taking any chances—this stream looks only six feet wide and a foot in depth, but if I follow my judgment of what it looks like in this clear mountain air, I may be drowned. So I'm going to hold my clothes overhead and swim the doggone thing!"

When I first heard the story, being inexperienced in mountain visibility and

its tricky perspectives, I merely chuckled. My sudden, chilly dousing, caused by the same mistaken notion of the traveler, recalled the story in all its humorous reality. I couldn't help laughing aloud! Perhaps it is true that I have a bit of English in my Irish blood. The weight of my clothing after this plunge increased seemingly about 15 pounds. I could hardly pick up my legs and make any headway, and yet, I dreaded to discard a single article of clothing, because of the very cold nights. I did decide, though, to cut off the legs of my flying suit. This lessened the weight about five pounds from each of my feet (the way it felt). My watch had stopped, and I had to guess the time by the increasing darkness.

TOWARD dusk, I came to still another waterfall, surrounded by naked rocks, and I was forced to climb the side of the mountain and circle it. As I was halfway up this mountain, I came to a ridge surrounded by trees. The place, apparently, had been slept in by some animal, for the vegetation had been beaten down. Thick foliage above offered shelter from the inevitable showers that fell nearly every night. I decided to stay here, because of my exhaustion and the terrifying descent ahead—down through which I knew I had to cut my way! I made the location as comfortable as possible with leaves and twigs; and sharpening my very dull jungle knife, I prepared to rest on this spot until daylight.

My only encounter with wild life, on this scene, was with leeches, mosquitoes, bugs, and spiders. By this time, though, I had grown accustomed to ignoring them. I had developed in these two days of fighting for my life a feeling of fearlessness for anything the jungle offered. In fact, as I neared the valley, I was

looking forward to encountering something that might offer food. Hunger can instill bravery into the biggest sissy!

I slept fitfully throughout the night, and periodically, upon awakening, cried "Hello" as loudly as I could, with the hope that in the stillness of the night my voice would carry to the ears of some native fisherman. The next morning (of the third day), I encircled the mountain, and came to what I had dreaded — a sheer drop of about twenty feet to the rocks below. My only advance was a leap over a gully to a ledge about five feet below, and a slide down on the flat of my back over the rocks and very loose vegetation into the water. I made it, and luckily the water was only knee deep.

Each day my horror for getting more wet and my clothes getting heavier than they were increased. The sunlight was still barred from the creek by the thick foliage of trees on both sides of the hill. On this third day the waters of the creek were increased by other streams. The valley widened, and most of the trip, on this day, was through water ranging from ankle to knee deep, and over relatively small falls and cascades. Eating but one slab of chocolate each day was now beginning to tell on my strength. Along toward evening I found it necessary to discard the remainder of my flying trousers. They had become terrifically heavy and were torn pretty badly along with my khakis in sliding and falling.

ON THIS third day, however, I made my best distance. From the signs of tiger footprints, elephant footprints, and deer prints along the creek bed, I was cheered a great deal, because I knew I was getting closer to the valley. I had not the slightest idea of my elevation. All I know is that I was con-

stantly going down, but the level stretches encouraged me considerably.

About dusk I came to a definite water hole of wildlife. The ground had many evidences of large and small game, and the trees and weeds along the side of the creek were trampled down, showing much use of the animal trail. There was another small waterfall to go over, but there were two large fallen trees across the creek, so with the aid of my jungle knife I was able to cut twigs and branches to make a sort of bed between the trees. I realized that it was a natural bridge for small animals to cross from one side to another, but it was the safest and most comfortable location that I could find to spend the night. I prayed that it wouldn't rain — and happily, for the first night of this excursion, it didn't!

I yelled periodically throughout the night to scare off any animals which might have a notion to visit this particular water location. I was almost scared off the log once while half dozing. A small animal about the size and weight of a large rat ran over me, and as I jumped it leaped into the creek and disappeared. My improvised bed was anything but yielding, and the rear portion of my body was really feeling the effects of my having discarded my flying trousers. I was so tired that if I could only have turned over on my side I felt that I could have slept for hours. However, the rough, hard bark against my sore and bruised hips was not very conducive to comfort. My side and back, not to say anything of my blistered feet encased in wet, soggy shoes, were beginning to make themselves felt.

ON THE fourth day, I repeated the routine of the previous day with a piece of chocolate, water; massaged

my feet, which were becoming more stiff and blistered by the hour; and again started off downstream. I was sure that I was close to the valley. The water was getting considerably deeper; in places as much as ten or twelve feet in depth. It was causing me a great deal of anxiety as to how I was now going to make very much headway.

About two hours after starting, I came to open country—and for the first time in four days felt the welcome warmth of the sun. I had to wade across the stream back and forth over places that were knee deep, about fifteen times, and feeling almost positive that the water was going to continue to get deeper, I found it necessary to build a raft. I had often watched the natives use slivers of bamboo to bind larger pieces together, and I thought that I might be able to imitate their technique. I followed an elephant trail into the jungle for about a hundred yards, found some green bamboo, and hacked and cut down about six stalks of it. I dragged them back to the creek bed, and tried to cut slivers of green bamboo to tie them together. Due to my anxiety to get downstream, I didn't bind the raft together very successfully, but it did help me over one stretch of water about ten feet in depth. At only about fifty feet away from my point of embarkation, my first constructed ship was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and I received a drenching up to my chin.

Clinging to the side of the stream, picking out shallow places, and cutting my way through the jungle, soon brought me to another stretch of shallow water. Shortly before dusk, I thought that I recognized a fish trap and a man-made falls. It thrilled me, but I had seen so many mirages the past four days that I decided that I would not give the scene any further

thought until I came upon it directly. I yelled out in complete happiness when I saw that it was definitely a fish trap made by human hands. While it was very crudely constructed, it was definitely the work of a human being! Of that I was sure! A little farther downstream I spied a bamboo raft, and on one of the rock beds there were signs of three fires having been built. I decided to stay here, for, if it took thirty days, I felt certain that eventually these trappers would return.

In the stream were large fish. Where they came from or how they got there was completely a mystery to me. I still had about ten matches in the watertight bottle. I had kept fishhooks and a line from the jungle kit in my pocket, and I felt, with the remaining part of my chocolate and what fish I could catch, I could last, despite my aching though healthy body, an indefinite time at this location. This was, also, a place frequented by many wild animals. There were signs of animal trails leading out of the jungle, footprints and dung all around the edge of the creek. I cut a large bamboo pole, tied my handkerchief to the top of it, smoothed out a place on the rock bed, gathered a lot of dry bamboo, weeds, and ferns, and constructed a rock fortification about two and one half feet high all around the clearing, placed bamboo poles criss-cross over the top of it and covered it over with elephant leaves and grass, and then took off my clothes to dry them out in the much welcomed sun in the open space about me!

My feet were painfully sore at this point, for it was the first time in four days that I had taken off my shoes, and the three blisters were black and crusted hard. I spent the night waking up periodically and yelling for any possible help which might be near by, and

also to scare any inquisitive wild animals away. The next day, I lay out in the sun and rested, and just waited for someone to come. I also spent the day making "Fort Wade," as I called it, a more livable place. From the planes passing high overhead I had the first inkling that I was in friendly territory, somewhere between India and China.

THE evening of the fifth day an L-5 passed overhead, relatively close to the ground. I tried my best to attract attention by waving my bamboo flag and yelling, but it was too dark. I spent a comfortable evening, and about nine o'clock in the morning of the following day, the sixth, I heard the plane approaching again at a low altitude. I leaped up from my shelter, grabbed the bamboo pole, and began to wave it violently. The pilot, whose name I later learned was Lt. Charles Linn, spotted my flag. He tipped his wing in recognition, flew over the spot, and circled around, while I was making frantic gestures to make sure that he recognized me. He wrote a note, and dropped it from the plane. Although it fell in the middle of the stream, I forgot all about my sore feet, ran over the sharp rocks, and waded out to retrieve it. I was thrilled beyond words to read: "Stay where you are. Food and blankets will be dropped to you. Instructions will follow." He waved his wings, and then took off in an easterly direction. About an hour later I heard the L-5 returning. He circled my location, and gave the sign that he was going to drop food. At first I was unable to locate the package, but finally did (while the pilot was away, apparently, getting ready to drop me another). I took it back to my shelter, and, on opening it, found twelve cans of a variety of food. I opened a can of tomato juice, and as I tried to

drink it slowly, I realized for the first time just how dreadfully hungry I was. Lt. Linn returned as I was drinking the tomato juice. He dropped a second package across the creek. At this spot, I would have had to cross a section of the stream about twelve feet in depth. I could have taken off my clothes and swum over, but I didn't need the extra package, so I left it. Lt. Linn dropped another note encouraging me to stay exactly on this spot, and asked me to signal him if I were seriously hurt. A rescue party would come out to bring me in. It would probably take forty-eight hours before the party could reach me. Knowing that I was located and having food, I was content to wait, if necessary, for a week or even more. My worries were at an end — especially my fears as to whether or not I was in friendly territory. The rest of the evening I continued to make my camp more comfortable, and offered some of the most fervent prayers of thanksgiving ever offered — and retired for the night.

ON THE morning of the seventh day Lt. Linn was back over the spot in his L-5. He dropped me another note, which landed downstream, and rather than get wet all over again, I took off everything, and swam across the stream to get it. It contained the most welcome news in the world: "Chin up, the party will probably reach you late this evening, or tomorrow morning." I came back and prepared a meal fit for a king, ate slowly but plentifully. Shortly after noon, as I was resting, basking in the sun, I heard someone yell "Hello!" I jumped up and answered as loud as I could! Shortly after, two American soldiers came wading across the stream — waving their hands. They were Sgt. Clayton Harper and Pharma-

cist's Mate Jim Cloyd of the Navy, attached to this work, both assigned to the same rescue mission, under the competent direction of Lt. Charles Linn. They came over and told me that I didn't look too bad for all the wear and tear, and offered me a smoke, my first in seven days, and promised me a nice hot meal and a comfortable bed in the camp downstream for the night. I was really happy. Pharmacist's Mate Jim Cloyd doctored my feet very expertly, called the four natives who had accompanied them on the last leg of the search, and gave orders to them to build a bamboo stretcher chair, and we started back for the camp. After two hours of trudging downstream, we came into view of the camp. Twelve of the other natives who had been left behind had set it up. It was the most comforting and welcome sight that I'd ever seen.

The bedding and the equipment were all neatly laid out for the evening. Three warm cozy fires were crackling brightly — and hardly had we arrived, when Chandu, one of the natives under the direction of Sergeant Harper, offered us hot tea.

Later, we had steaming hot rice, corn willie, chili, pears for dessert, tomato juice for a cocktail, and hot coffee. I ate ravenously. After dinner, Chandu cleaned up the utensils, while Pharmacist's Mate Jim Cloyd bathed my feet in warm water, salved down the blisters, and bandaged them with band-aids. They tucked me in for the night in a sleeping bag with hot water bottles (canteens) at my feet!

(This concludes Chaplain Wade's adventure. Next month, however, he will relate the stories told by the crew of the plane who bailed out with him.)

### *Don't Double Trouble*

An Arizona cotton grower, in discharging one of his Negro hands, was lamenting his hard luck.

"Cotton has gone to the dogs this year, George; I am a big loser."

"Yassah," returned George, "I reckon you is, boss."

"And," went on the grower, "I'm out all the money I've paid you for wages, and the grub you've eaten besides."

"Yassah," agreed George, "I guess you is."

"Well, confound you," growled the grower, "you don't seem to be worrying your head any!"

"Golly," answered the colored boy, "Ain't a bit of use of me an' you both worryin' 'bout the same thing, is they?"

### *Stories of Children (2)*

A relative of Jimmy, aged four, was being buried. The deceased had been connected with a military organization during life, and so the National Guard attended the funeral and marched to the grave with the relatives and friends. Jimmy, with the other members of the family, watched the military proceedings with big eyes.

After the religious ceremony at the grave was over, the Guardsmen raised their rifles to give the final salute. Just as the shots rang out, Jimmy's grandmother fainted beside the grave. In the instant of silence before half a dozen people reached her, Jimmy's clear young voice was heard to cry out:

"Gosh! They shot Grandma!"

### *The Urgency of Christ's Passion*

During the last few days of Holy Week the Church brings the Passion of Christ more and more realistically before the minds of her children. There are impressive reasons why this is done year after year. There are many lessons that can hardly be fully grasped or applied without a deep insight into the sufferings of Christ. Among them are the following:

1. Without meditation on the Passion, it is difficult, if not impossible, to arouse in oneself true sorrow for sin. It is the Passion of Christ, viewed both as the price that had to be paid for the forgiveness of sin and as the representation of what sin is willing to do to God, that makes a person truly deplore his sins, and determine not to offend God again. It makes him see sin as a personal affront and injury to God, and therefore makes sorrow a powerful, personal and practical thing.

2. Without meditation on the Passion of Christ, it is difficult, if not impossible, to grasp the full measure of God's love for man, and to return that love with all one's heart and soul and mind and will. It is true that God's love for man can be perceived by the use of reason alone; nevertheless the senses and passions with which man is endowed very easily, in his present state, interfere with that perception and impede the love that man owes to God. The sufferings of the Son of God in behalf of man impress the truth of God's love not only on the reason, but on the imagination and sensibilities as well, making the whole man realize the necessity of loving God.

3. Without meditation on the Passion of Christ, it is difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile oneself to suffering and trial. The mystery of pain is given more meaning by the Passion of Christ than by all the rationalizing in the world. One who truly believes that Christ is God, and that He suffered so much anguish to atone for sin and to prevent sin, learns to recognize the inevitable relationship between suffering and sin, and the atoning value of the former, even though he does not understand fully the reasons why it must be. His heart can say at least: "If the Son of God could suffer so much for sin, there must be a good reason in every other suffering He permits."

In order to gain these benefits from the services and meditations of Holy Week, one must stimulate a strong sense of personal relationship to Jesus Christ. He must see in all the sufferings of the Saviour something done for him as an individual, for his happiness and his peace.

## LARGE FAMILY HAVEN

"Mary Ridge" is a unique venture in this land where large families are finding it increasingly difficult to find places built for them and landlords who want them. Its story is an inspiring one.

D. J. CORRIGAN

OUT on St. Charles Rock Road, a little northwest of St. Louis, there is a large sign that attracts the notice of every passer-by. It's a little faded now, but its huge lettering, painted in white and blue (our Lady's colors), plainly tells the story whereof I write:

Village of  
MARY RIDGE  
A Subdivision  
Dedicated to  
Large Families  
A. M. D. G.

This past Christmas of 1944, could you have walked into the entrance of this strange village in a world estranged from God, the first thing that would have greeted you would have been music: soft angelic melodies floating from somewhere behind an outdoor crib in which the statues were all life size and the animals were real. Round about were children, hundreds of them, happy, noise-making boys and girls. In most places back in the city they would not be tolerated, but here in Mary Ridge they were welcome, for Mary Ridge with its commodious homes and yards was built for them.

Mary Ridge is a dream come true of a Catholic layman, Mr. Charles Vatterot, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo.

"I've been a real estate man for twenty years," he said, "and I know from experience that in many subdivisions parents with a few children just aren't welcome. That convinced me of the need of something like this.

"I've developed about twenty sub-

divisions and have built more than 2000 homes in St. Louis County, and time and again I've seen large families discriminated against. Parents with several children would buy a house from me, and then the places on either side would become empty and this condition would drag on for months. I have had to turn down large families who wanted to buy or rent because I knew that the neighboring owners would object. That helped me make up my mind that some day I would develop a subdivision exclusively for large families. To my mind they are the backbone of the nation."

The village of Mary Ridge stands today as a monument to the faith of this man who wanted to give home ownership to parents who, as he put it, "are brave enough, unselfish enough, and God-fearing enough to have large families in this birth-control crazed world."

But there is also a more touching, personal event behind the story of Mary Ridge. The builder had married at an early age. After some time the doctors informed him that his wife was able to have children only at the peril of her life. He discussed the matter with her, and together they consulted a priest. All concluded that it would be wiser to obey God than to be guilty of any wickedness. Eight children were born; two died at an early age, the last costing the life of the mother. Instead of grumbling against Providence, the husband devoted himself to the six children that were left, looking upon his wife as a martyr to family duty, determined to make her happy in heaven by trying to do all he could for those who were

courageous enough to accept all the babies that Almighty God would send them.

THE plans for Mary Ridge called for 100 six-room houses, each with a half acre of ground. No flimsy modern structures these, but built of brick or asbestos shingles, they constitute homes in which parents can place their confidence for the future. Each has a large living room and a good-sized kitchen, together with three ample bedrooms and a bath: all constructed over a basement which includes a furnace and a garage. Still the houses were not built according to any factory pattern, for in a pleasing variety of structure and color they stand along the winding lanes of the village. All the homes were planned to permit the owner to build an addition to the rear — either in the way of bedroom or sun porch, as he should wish or need.

The strangest feature of all about Mary Ridge is that it was absolutely a non-profit adventure. "I didn't make a cent out of it," declared Mr. Vatterot, "but neither did I lose on it." Father Henry Hoffmann, pastor of the newly-formed St. Gregory's Parish there, however, looks at it a little differently. "When Charley says that, he is not including the ground and the \$5000 in building materials and the many hours of overtime that he and his workers donated to put up this parochial plant." Besides, Mr. Vatterot gave his skill and influence and almost two years of his time and energy to the project; all free of charge. "But God has been good to me, even in worldly ways," remarked the man. "I could not have built the village, had it not been for my other successful business ventures."

Before Mary Ridge could get started, it had to be financed. As the FHA

bluntly told him that it would have nothing to do with it — this government agency being apparently not interested in large families — Vatterot went to a local building and loan association. "At first they, too, thought that I was crazy," he afterwards related, "but after I talked to them two hours, I not only got the loan but also sold two or three of them on the idea of making a closed retreat with me. They'll back me up on anything now."

When the homes were built, it was arranged to sell them to families of four or more children at cost: about \$3,000. At it turned out to be quite difficult to find that many large families within the first six months, it was decided to let fifty of the houses go to families of fewer than four children. These, however, had to pay an additional \$500, all of which went into the community fund to provide a playground, school buses, etc. The down payment amounted to approximately \$250, while the monthly payments are about \$27, which include taxes, insurance, and a portion of the principal. Today, more than four years later, these houses have doubled in value!

Really, the project could have become a "scalper's" paradise, had not Charley Vatterot, in spite of his idealism, been inured to the ways of the world. To prevent investors from making a clean-up on Mary Ridge, he required that each buyer sign an agreement giving the sponsor an option on the house at cost price for three years, should the owner wish to sell. In this way he has saved this village for a deserving class from the wiles of "smart businessmen," who did try to climb in through a back window. "You'd think, too," he remarked, "that I was stepping on the toes of most of the people in the world. Some of the letters of protest I

got were terrible—that is, while we were putting up the project. It became so bad that I was constantly bothered by delegations, if not from birth-controllers or some wayward branch of a union, then from some other crack-pot outfit, trying to tell me that I was ruining civilization. Toward the end I just had to tell them to get out and stay out.” We might add that Mr. Vatterot’s six feet of brawn could emphasize such a command.

AS VILLAGES go, Mary Ridge is very young—the first families have been in their homes a little more than three years—and yet it is old enough for us to make an estimate on the experiment. Today, however, this tiny community is bounded by other subdivisions, the nearest of which, on the other side of the church, is St. Ann’s Village, a defense housing project of 500 home units.

A few words here seem appropriate for the village of St. Ann, as it seems to be almost a part of Mary Ridge. Although built by the same Mr. Vatterot, it is strictly a business venture and its houses are smaller; nevertheless it, too, has more than its share of children. Among the good residents of St. Ann’s, there are scattered a fairly large proportion of itinerant defense workers. They are just there for the work and in most cases both father and mother are employed, while their children roam the streets with almost no parental supervision. For that reason, St. Ann’s Village, with its inadequate police force, has its troublesome and destructive teenage gangs, most of them girls. But the refreshing feature of St. Ann’s, apart from its neatness and its beautiful winding lanes, is the fact that almost every street is named for a Catholic saint. It has its own little business section, too,

and it is rather quaint to behold a row of stores with these unaccustomed signs: St. Ann’s Market, St. Ann’s Beauty Parlor, St. Ann’s Barber Shop, St. Ann’s Pharmacy, St. Ann’s Hardware. If you were to send a letter to someone in this community, you would put on it some such address as this: 199 St. Christopher Lane, St. Ann’s Village, Mo.

But let us get back to Mary Ridge. We wanted information about the success of this project; so we went to call on the pastor. Father Henry Hoffmann is a man with a pair of large shoulders, both of which he has needed for the multitudinous tasks in starting St. Gregory’s Parish. The parochial edifice, which is a large combination church and school, stands with rectory and convent in the most prominent part of the community, midway between Mary Ridge and St. Ann’s Village.

“Most people,” explained the priest, “think that the entire section around here is Catholic, but it is far from that. Mr. Vatterot did not make religion a condition for buying either at Mary Ridge or St. Ann’s.”

“Well, what is the percentage of Catholics here?” we asked.

“A little over fifty per cent in Mary Ridge, and about thirty-five per cent in St. Ann’s.”

“Do any of the non-Catholics object to all the saint’s names around here?”

“Yes, there have been a few murmurings,” replied Father Hoffmann. Then with a smile: “But what can they do about it?”

“It was during Holy Week of 1942,” continued the priest, “that the Archbishop called me in and told me to come out here and start a new parish. ‘Just find an empty building for Mass and start off slowly,’ was the advice he gave. When I got out here, I found no empty building; but the people were all wait-

ing, with no church or school or parochial income. Then, too, it was just about the worst time to start a parish with all the government restrictions on building.

"We applied immediately for a permit to build, but that didn't come until August 6. And we were supposed to open a school in September! I'll never forget the day the government agent came down here with his brief case loaded with statistics to prove that we didn't need a school. He started to tell me that the number of families did not justify a school, as the average U. S. family is supposed to have less than one half per cent of a child in school; but he was popeyed when he saw all the children around here!

"As I said before, the permission didn't come until August 6, but on September 14, thanks to Mr. Vatterot and his men, we were able to open the school and have regular Masses in the church."

"How many children do you have in school?"

"About 325, but we would have many more if we had the room and more Sisters. These statistics are rather interesting: In September, 1942, we opened with 90 pupils, but by June of 1943 we had 180; then in September of 1943 we started with 212 and ended the school year with 280. Last September we began with 325, and God alone knows how many we'll have next June—or have to turn away."

I next asked him whether parents with the large families of Mary Ridge were able to contribute their share toward the support of the parish. His answer was surprising:

"They are the best supporters of the parish. If all those with one or two children or no children at all would do their part, we should have no financial problem around here at all."

"Do you have many converts?"

"Well, both Father Schmalz and I each usually have from 3 to 6 to 9 under instruction constantly. We would have more, if it weren't for the bad marriages. We could do a lot more around here, but so far much of our time has been taken up with manual labor, getting all these buildings in shape and furnished. We have four Masses in the church each Sunday and they are all crowded. No, we don't have a separate children's Mass," he added with a smile.

Although Father Hoffmann has been beset with the many difficulties of his unusual parish, one can easily see that he is proud of the task assigned to him in the spiritual development of Mary Ridge and its adjoining subdivisions. "There have been some who have not fully appreciated the opportunity that Charley Vatterot has given them," he stated. "But once the war is over we shall have a more stable population in St. Ann's Village and it will be a lot better. Mary Ridge has been definitely a success."

**M**ARY RIDGE! It was at the suggestion of a young Negro Catholic that Mr. Vatterot decided to call his village by that beautiful name. Certainly it is appropriate that this living example of Catholic Action should be placed under the patronage of the Mother of Jesus, for she is the incarnation of a Christian motherhood and parenthood so sorely needed in our pagan world today.

And Charley Vatterot? He is happy over Mary Ridge, happier about this accomplishment of his hope than over the many other Christ-like deeds of a truly Christian life. But he is too humble a man to take compliments gracefully, and a bit too busy. Right now he is working out another plan to

help out a victim class of modern prejudice and oppression: he hopes some day in the near future to build an all-Negro subdivision, to aid colored families in getting out of the slums and into the open where there is pure air and green grass and to acquire homes of their own. But that is only half of it. Up to now, in this region at least, Negroes have been barred by the unions and thereby effectually prevented from learning any of the worth-while building trades, even in their own public

trade schools. Mr. Vatterot's plan is to build this subdivision, somewhat after the model of Mary Ridge, with all Negro Catholic labor. To accomplish this, he would have to establish a school to train young colored craftsmen in the various building skills. "It's the only way I can think of," he has remarked, "that has any chance of persuading or forcing the Building Trades Unions to give the Negro a break." May he have success and cooperation in this venture, for it is of the same spirit as Mary Ridge!

### Sign of Health

On the eve of D-Day, a navy craft slipped into the English channel. The skipper assembled the crew for a little talk.

"Fear," he said, "is a very healthy thing."

A third class yeoman spoke up: "Captain, you're looking at the healthiest sailor in the U. S. Navy!"—*John B. Sheerin, C.S.P., in Homiletic and Pastoral Review.*

### CORRECTION

In the article "The Callous Jew" in the February LIGUORIAN it was stated that most of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion are of Jewish extraction. It has been called to our attention that that is not the case. From the community of the "Daughters of Sion" in Kansas City we have received word that "here in Kansas City we do not have a single Sister of Jewish extraction, and the proportion of Sisters who are converts from Judaism in the whole Congregation is hardly three or four per cent. We are Jewish only by vocation."—We are very glad to make this correction, and take the occasion also to acknowledge that the facts for the article "The Callous Jew" were taken from a series of articles on Alphonse Ratisbon published in a little quarterly which the Daughters of Sion publish in Kansas City under the title: "Notre Dame de Sion, and the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel."



## *On Destructive Criticism*

L. M. MERRILL

Destructive critics are some of the world's greatest bores, and "bore" is a name given to a very unpleasant and unlovable type of character. The destructive critic runs down, attacks, destroys, defeats everything in theory. He is always against things or suspicious of things. Psychiatrists would probably explain that such characters have, at some time in their past, been crossed or defeated in some noble endeavor, and as a result are now inclined to see futility in everything. With due deference to psychiatry, it is just as right to say that the destructive critic is a victim of secret pride and envy: He assails what others do because he cannot do it or because it may place them above him in honor. Here is the destructive critic at work, and anyone who answers to only a part of this description, would do well to reshape his outlook and ideas:

1. The destructive critic is quick to throw cold water on projects and plans. Tell him you are planning a party, and he will tell you it will not be any fun. Tell him you are going to join in some work of charity and he will mention a dozen reasons why you will be wasting your time. Tell him you are going to buy a farm or build a house or take a wife, and he will see dark spots all along your future horizons. If he slips into a word of approval now and then, he immediately wipes it out by the most outlandish suggestions for improvement and change.

2. The destructive critic cannot agree that any work in progress is being done properly. The wrong crops are being planted on the farm; the wrong bricks are being used in the building; the wrong people are being elected to office, and the wrong laws are being passed by legislators. Even when everything in a project seems to be humming along favorably, he shakes his head dubiously as if he has secret knowledge that somebody is deceiving somebody else. He is especially prone to suspecting bad motives at work. Everybody is looking out for himself, and nobody can be trusted. One always feels depressed after a conversation with him.

3. The destructive critic sees no glimmer of hope in the condition of the world. Young people are all evil-minded or perverted; all statesmen are venal and corrupt; there are dark forces at work secretly to ruin every good intention. He sees the most fantastic plots emanating from groups like the Jews, labor unions, fraternal organizations, etc. He can quote by the hour from crack-pot theorists and pessimists who see everything in the world falling to pieces.

This picture may seem overdrawn, yet there are people whom it represents in all its extreme details. Some, while not being so extreme and universal in their destructive criticism, do enough of it to make themselves undesirable companions. They will do themselves and their friends a great service by determining to look for the good that can be found in the world and its people and now and then to speak of it.

## OUTPOSTING IN BRAZIL

How the spiritual war goes on in Brazil, and how the commandos sally forth to drive wedges into the enemy's ranks.

J. BUHLER

SINCE coming to Brazil, my idea of a missionary's heaven has changed. I visualize it now as a peaceful country where the missionary expresses a desire to take a trip down a lonely river to evangelize a group of natives, and zingo! everything is ready. He doesn't have to look around for a canoe, or a couple of men who will act as motor power at the paddles, or select a day when all can get together, or find some unoccupied urchin to act as sacristan for a week or two. In my missionary's heaven, everything will be simple. But right now this is the farthest thing from heaven, and the preparations for a trip up the Amazon are enough to unsettle the patience of any man.

My destination was an island, *Ilha de Ariha* (rhymes with ziss, boom, tarrara), opposite the mouth of the Lake of Coari in the Solimoes River. This was not the Redemptorists' first visit here. At frequent intervals in the past, one or the other of us have spent a day or so baptizing and marrying the inhabitants. A couple months ago Father McCormick was here for catechism and services on Saturday, Mass and a procession in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help on Sunday, and at night Father Van Hoomissen came in for a short visit to delight the people with a Walt Disney Cartoon he picked up at the office of the American Consul in Manaus.

This island is a fruit-grower's paradise: oranges, bananas, limes, and pineapples, and hundreds of native fruits are yours for the taking. They are left to rot on the ground. During high water tides, when the river begins its annual tour of the whole state, there are only

about four or five spots high enough to remain dry. And one of these we have been offered for the construction of a chapel!

These little settlements are considered complete when they can boast of a church and a school, and the family is high in the social register if it had anything to do with the construction of either building. It was easy sledding to get a site for the chapel, but we will run into difficulty when we try to get material and labor; for everything must be done by hand, which makes our work a slow, tiresome undertaking.

THE people for whom we work at this island number about two hundred of the nearest cross-section of the Amazon valley you could find, covering all the shades from Portuguese to pure Indian. On the western tip of the island there lives a school teacher, a confirmed Protestant, who will have nothing to do with anything that is Catholic. He even ordered all the statues and pictures to be burned, and his hate for priests is a concentrated effort for complete and total destruction that comes from his heart. He is moulding the thoughts of future Brazil . . . unless we can hack out a strong foothold here and straighten out everything he makes crooked.

There are natives who can't read or write, and they are not anxious in the least to learn. And there are others who are proud when they can stumble through the "funnies" which by now they have practically learned by heart. There is undeveloped talent wherever you go. Not long ago we visited a man, a jack of all trades, who was a profes-

sional at everything he did. The son of the owner of the house where we stayed on the island could learn more in ten minutes than many students learn in a semester at college. In *Ilha de Ariha* there is a tobacco roller, a net maker, and a man who carves a canoe from the trunk of a tree. All three could make a fortune for themselves in the States.

Coupled with all this talent is the consoling fact that the people are Catholic to their very roots and are willing—more than willing—to learn the rudiments of their religion. While we were at the island one family walked about three miles over loose beach-sand to assist at Mass in the morning. They stayed all day and remained for Benediction at night, returning home late, a remarkable thing for these natives, considering their fear of the unknown in the dark, and their numerous superstitions. One lady was returning home at ten o'clock at night using an umbrella to protect her against the night air.

ALL during the mission there were only a handful of people who attended the sermons. Fishing, which is their main means of livelihood, makes their attendance at the services irregular. But with only ten or twenty people in the chapel we carried on with the full set of instructions just the same. When talking to these people you can't help noticing that if malaria doesn't kill them outright, it leaves its mark that takes months and months to cure. A boy we know who is just recovering from the disease is nothing but skin and bone, and the skin is a transparent yellow. He is now in good health, but very much in need of nourishment. We visited his hut this morning and his father showed us his means of livelihood.

He has a garden of fresh vegetables and a nice trade in tobacco. He grows

the plant, cures it in his house, and rolls it into a stick three feet long and two inches in diameter, which the natives up and down the river buy "to roll their own." The whole roof of the house was lined with tobacco leaves of every age, those picked two days ago, and those ready for the market. On one of our trips a few months ago Father McCormick tried some in his pipe and after ten puffs he blacked out.

The language in this country hasn't failed us yet, but I know I have made some horrible blunders! I realize the word is wrong after I have spoken it, but a man can think of only a limited number of things at one time. So study never ceases. About an hour a day a little boy and I laugh at each other. He laughs at my Portuguese, and I laugh at his English. But this is the surest way to get the pronunciation. And what memories these children have! They remember phrases and words for months without ever using them. One little boy learned the ten commandments and seven sacraments in one class and hasn't forgotten them since.

The difficulties of this life are many. The daily routine of boiling water for Mass and drinking has been a little easier with the appearance of watermelon on the scene. It grows wild, so we have it five times a day—a lifesaver for foreigners who must watch out for their health. After services in the evening I usually walk down to the river in the starlight to get away from the clamor of the crowds for a while, and the people are still wondering how I ever return. They fear snakes and alligators near the water, and the factual evidence they can give is hair-raising. One of our altar boys has a three inch scar where a *paranha* nipped him. They also believe that anyone who goes near the river at night contracts

## THE LIGURIAN

malaria. I still haven't contracted the disease, and they can't figure it out.

IN THIS land, life appears to be cheap. This morning a boy came to the door and asked for a few pieces of wood. His father had died and he wanted to make a coffin. He was solemn, but outside of not saying much he showed no emotion. His father was to be buried that afternoon, and he needed the wood now. It turned out that one of our missionaries had visited the man and given him the last Sacraments, and left the house just ten minutes before the death. Ordinarily, that sick call would have been more than an hour away from our house by canoe.

On the day before I closed the mission, I told the people at the evening service I would be leaving soon, and they should all go to confession and communion. And most of them did! But before I actually closed the mission I had a little excitement. About ten o'clock that night there was a noise in the chicken coop. An old woman, two children, the sacristan and I went to see what was happening. One chicken was gone and a little pig lay there half dead. Some thought it was an *onca*, a jungle

tiger, and others said it was a cobra. We searched the near-by jungle, but found nothing (thank God!). The family with whom I was staying took it in stride, for such a raid is not uncommon. Their only hope is—be it *onca* or cobra—that it stops at the chicken coop and doesn't enter the house.

The last day of the mission began with a fair attendance at Mass, and many went to Communion . . . which is a visible proof that the prayers of our friends in the States for the success of our missions in Brazil are being heard. At nine o'clock in the morning we were all packed and ready to leave. But with a strong wind blowing in from the west, our departure was put off from hour to hour, until it was four o'clock before we finally left. With the waves lapping the shore no one ever ventures forth. It is not healthy. While waiting around, we gathered fruit—as much as the canoe could hold. On arriving home we cornered a few boys to help carry the load into the house, and Father McCormick was there to greet us with a smile and open arms.

A worthy reward after a long trip—besides Father Mac's smile—is a glass of ice water and a shower!

### Wrong Station

It sounds incredible, but it has been reported as a fact. One of the men who won his campaign for a seat in his home State legislature in the elections of last fall went to a railroad station to buy transportation for Washington after his victory was announced. He was under the impression that he had been elected to Congress. Someone had to tell him he had been campaigning, and had won his campaign, for a seat in the State Capitol.

### No Contest

"Marie and I," boasted the husband, "agreed that after we were married I should decide all the major questions and she would decide the minor ones."

"How has it worked out?" asked a friend.

"We have been married three years," answered the husband, "and I am happy to state that there have been no major questions."

## *For Wives and Husbands Only*

D. F. MILLER

*Problem:* (Quotation from letter of a wife): "I have the strangest feeling toward my husband, who is overseas, and the whole idea of being married to him. Sometimes the thought comes to me that I do not care whether he ever comes back at all. I wonder why I married him, and tremble at the thought of meeting him again, fearful that I shall give myself away. I don't want to think or feel this way, and I would appreciate any advice you can give as to what I should do."

*Solution:* You are one of a growing number of victims of war nerves, and the first and most necessary condition for retaining a normal and sensible outlook is to recognize the fact that the extraordinary and upsetting circumstances of separation from your husband, waiting to settle down to married life, anxiety and worry, are bound to have some repercussions on your feelings. The feeling of distaste for marriage is a subconscious attempt to get rid of anxiety and worry once and for all; the sense of doubt as to whether you love your husband is a typical reaction of human nature to a situation in which it has been all prepared to tackle a certain job and then has been unexpectedly made to wait before it could be begun. The important thing is to recognize that as war is abnormal, so these feelings and uncertainties that spring from it are likewise abnormal. They do not represent the real you, nor your sincere will to face your responsibilities, so long as you give them no lee-way to toy with your free will.

The best attitude to adopt toward the unwanted feelings is that of looking at them as petty annoyances and trying to dismiss them as one would dismiss an unwanted temptation. Add to that a determination to keep busy, preferably in some form of service to others, but even in holding down a job and putting away money for the future. Wives who were not sinfully afraid to have a baby, even though they knew their husbands would be overseas by the time the baby was born, are ordinarily not so bothered with foolish thoughts and sentiments as those who were, because they have something to do in caring for their child. If you have no child, substitute for the work one would have given you by seeking outlets of activity in other ways. Permit yourself as little time to brood and ponder and worry as you possibly can. Your greatest danger is idleness and introspection. And it will help greatly to overcome this danger if you will intensify your religious activity by such practices as daily Mass and Communion, frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and the cultivation of a childlike confidence in God's providence and goodness.

## HORSESHOES AND HOLY WATER

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Man is supposed to be a reasonable animal. Here are the reasons why horseshoes and other good luck charms are unreasonable, while holy water, medals and the like have a very reasonable use.

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C. D. McENNIRY

WHEN Mass was over the Huggins people came out and went home. Not however with that hectic speed with which city people get away from the church the moment their strict obligation to the Lord is fulfilled, but in an easy, leisurely way as though it wasn't a bad place to be after all.

Some even remained inside for a few extra prayers, others finished the discussion which had been interrupted by the Mass bell. The girls went across to the well for another drink (Strange how thirsty hearing Mass makes one!). There would be invitations to "come on over to dinner," sometimes accepted after due deliberation, sometimes declined with the explanation that there were horses to be watered, calves to be fed, cows to be milked. The young fellows arranged for their afternoon meeting place, their fathers renewed engagements about mutual help in the haying, and perhaps a couple of the good ladies whispered on parting how well that rap in Father Casey's sermon fitted Mrs. So-and-So.

When Tom Saunders passed the little barber, the bright sunlight was blazing on all Tony's jewelry.

"What," he inquired, "is that there contraption hangin' on your watch chain, Tony? Emblem of some murderous black-hand society you belong to, eh?"

Tony-the-barber flashed back a brilliant smile. For he and Tom were close friends. "No taimie for murder—too buzzy shearing Huggins sheep wot come

in my shop. No, zat," and he fondled the bauble, "zat is golda goat's 'orn."

"Do even the bally goats have gold horns over there in Italy?"

"No, ze 'orn of ze goat is not golda—but he bringa you ze golda if you wear heem. And he keep away ze bad eye—how you call—ze evil eye. And he make good luck."

"And where is all the gold it brought you, Tony?"

"He come bime-by," the barber answered with a grin.

"So will mine. Your goat's horn is a match for my horseshoe and four-leaf clover. When I bought this pocketbook," Saunders extracted from his trousers pocket a sweaty purse ornamented with horseshoe and four-leaf clover, "the feller told me they would bring good luck. Guess the charm didn't take 'cause the doggone pocketbook is always empty."

Ruth Saunders and Madeline Hicks, the schoolteacher, caught this part of the conversation. Ruth had come to tell her father that mama and the children were in the wagon waiting for him and that Madeline was coming with them.

"Don't you let Father Casey see you with those things—after all he said against superstition when he was out here before Mass," the schoolteacher warned them.

"Oh, I would quiet him right away by showin' him what I got inside the pocketbook," Saunders assured her.

"Oh, you would, would you?" boomed a familiar voice. And there was

the priest standing right behind them. "Well, let us see what you have in that precious pocketbook. A hundred-dollar bill for the church debt? That surely would quiet me."

"It is something pious — a medal of St. Gerard. Ruth makes me carry it with me wherever I go."

"I 'ave somesing pious too." And the little barber drew from under his collar a dirty string fairly bristling with medals. "San Rocco, he save you from ze fire. San Caligero, he save you from ze fever. Sant' Antonio, he finda wot you los'. San —"

"I GOT something better'n either your medals or your horseshoes," interrupted Lumkins, the nurseryman, exhibiting a horse-chestnut. "That's agin rheumatism. I've carried that nigh on twelve years —"

"And never had a twinge of rheumatism during all that time?" the priest inquired.

"Wa-al, no, I couldn't jest say that. But who knows how much worse it might a been if I didn't have this here preventative."

"And you, Ruth?"

"I have the five-fold scapular: the Brown, representing the brown robe worn by the Carmelite monks and nuns — the White, with red and blue cross, representing the white robe with red and blue cross worn by the Trinitarians . . ." and she rattled them off just as she had heard the missionary. "And then I have an Agnus Dei and the miraculous medal of the Blessed Mother. — My little brother wears the Gospel of St. John, because he used to have spasms. You know it keeps away the spasms."

"Our cure for spasms is tea made from wort gathered on Good Friday," one of the women volunteered.

"And you, Brerton," Saunders asked, "what is your receipt for shooin' off bad luck?"

"To keep out of debt, sign nobody's note, mind my own business and keep a bull dog chained in the back yard. This other stuff is all bosh."

"It is not so simple as that, Mr. Brerton," the priest corrected. "I almost wish it were when I see how these people mix up the good and the bad, solid devotions and stupid superstitions."

"Oh, Father Casey, I am glad to hear you say that. I was growing so confused about the whole matter that I was afraid I was losing my faith," exclaimed Miss Hicks.

"Do not worry about that, Madeline. This is not a question of faith, but of the pious usages which a Catholic may adopt if he wishes. Strictly speaking, he could drop them all and still have the faith."

"You said, Father Casey, that we had hopelessly mixed up solid devotions and stupid superstitions. Tell us, please, which are the solid devotions."

"I would call solid devotions the correct and devout use of articles blessed, or at least approved, by the Church."

"What articles, for example?"

"A cross or a crucifix, a blessed medal, an Agnus Dei, a pious picture or badge, blessed palm, holy water, scapulars."

"You say a Catholic can use these things or not just as he pleases. It is all the same."

"Take care! You may quote me when and where you wish, and I will always take the responsibility for what I have said. But quote me correctly. I said a Catholic is not *obliged* to use any of these things. I did not say it is all the same whether he does or not. Quite the contrary, I maintain that the correct

and devout use of these things will prove a powerful help toward his eternal salvation and that he will make a serious mistake in disregarding them."

"BUT, Father Casey, you tell us that we secure our salvation by loving God and the neighbor. Love is inside — in the soul. A medal hung on the outside of my body does not make me love God."

"But remember we are creatures composed of body and soul. We are more readily and more deeply impressed by what appeals to both body and soul. Christ knows this fact. When He willed to give His precious supernatural grace to our souls, He determined to do it through sacraments, which are external things, things which can be perceived by our bodily senses. Of course nobody but God could make a sacrament, that is, give to an outward, visible sign the power of producing a supernatural effect upon our soul. He made seven sacraments, and no more. But the Church learns from His example. She makes things that resemble sacraments and calls them sacramentals. Such are blessed medals, beads, scapulars."

"Will they produce grace in our soul?"

"No, never. Nothing but a sacrament instituted by Christ can do that. But they *appeal* to our soul through our bodily senses. If I wear a medal of St. Joseph, I am more likely to think of St. Joseph and pray to him than if I did not have this visible reminder. I dip my finger in holy water before making the sign of the cross, I am more likely to bless myself devoutly. And then, to encourage us to use these visible reminders the Church blesses them and thereby pledges herself to pray for all who use them correctly."

"When do we use them correctly?"

"When we use them in the way the Church intends. She blesses the medal of St. Joseph in order to encourage special devotion to St. Joseph, therefore she intends me to use the medal in such a way as to be reminded to pray frequently to the saint and to have confidence in him — to use the medal in such a way as to show the saint that I have a special devotion toward him and thus move him to love me with a special love and to obtain from God special favors for me."

"Then what a lot of extraordinary favors Tony must receive. He wears the medals of the whole 'Litany of the Saints.'"

"It is impossible," said the priest, "to have a *special* devotion to so many saints at the same time. I greatly fear Tony has no special devotion to any of them. They are no more to him than that absurd goat's horn on his watch chain — simply superstitious good-luck charms. If so, he is not using them as the Church wishes, but rather abusing them and turning a beautiful devotion into something ridiculous. And Tom Saunders is just as bad as Tony with his four-leaf clover and his medal of St. Gerard both in the same purse."

Ruth Saunders blushed when she thought of the array of blessed medals she had on the little table in her bedroom.

"Father Casey," she said, "whenever I see a new kind of a medal, I am afraid not to get it — scared I might be missing some good luck."

"I quite understand the feeling, Ruth. But you must not give way to it. You will not honor the saints nor gain their protection by making devotion to them look ridiculous. Wear one or the other medal and practice special devotion to the saint it represents. Or you might have a box of medals and, as the feast

of each arrives, wear his medal that day and do something in his honor. Or, if you want a favor from some particular saint, make a novena to him and wear his medal during those nine days. That is genuine and really helpful devotion to the saints."

"Remember, Father Casey, when old Biggeridge was dying. Mama and I used to bring him things. Then we tried to get him to go to Confession—he hadn't been for so long. But no, he wouldn't hear of it. So we sewed a Blessed Mother's medal in his shirt, and lo and behold, the very next day he himself asked us to send for you."

"Ah, that is using medals for the purpose for which they are really intended—to obtain benefits for the soul, especially eternal salvation."

"But, Father Casey, Biggeridge did not wear the medal with any devotion. He did not even know he had it."

"The favor was granted, not in answer to his devotion, but to yours. You and your mother were begging this favor of the Blessed Virgin with great fervor and confidence. Your use of the medal increased your fervor and confidence on the one hand, and pleased the Blessed Mother on the other. And so your prayer was heard. She obtained from God this conversion."

"The nuns back home," said Miss Hicks, "had no coal and no money to buy it. They made a novena to St. Joseph and put his statue in the coal bin while they were making it. Another time they had been praying and praying to him for the conversion of the father of one of the pupils. St. Joseph was slow in obtaining the favor, so they put him out in the rain till he heard them."

**R**UTH SAUNDERS added her contribution. "When we had a sick

cow, mama dipped the medal of St. Benedict in the water we gave her. And, another case: we are terribly scared of wind storms ever since the cyclone wrecked our barn. Now, when we see ugly looking clouds coming, we burn blessed palm and sprinkle the house with holy water. After that we all feel safer."

"Oh, yes," the schoolteacher added, "and we used to write letters to the Blessed Mother and put them on the shrine before her picture. And once when I was sick, they had me swallow a tiny little picture of her."

"Father Casey, what do you say to all that?" Sylvester Brerton demanded. "Looks goofy to me. You pray to the saints: all right. You wear medals of the saints: all right. But descendin' to all this tomfoolery: ain't that what you call superstition?"

"That depends, Mr. Brerton, altogether depends on the spirit in which it is done. Here is a man who has just barely enough faith to save him from being an out-and-out pagan. He tries a patent medicine: no good. He tries a rabbit's foot or a horseshoe: no good. Then he decides to try one of these stunts: downright superstition. But take, on the other hand, one of these little nuns. She has faith so strong that she can almost see the Blessed Virgin and the saints and angels. She knows them more intimately than you know Tom Saunders. She is talking with them, dealing with them, constantly. She is asking them mostly for spiritual favors for herself and for others, because she knows these are the favors really worth having. But when she needs a temporal favor, she asks them for that too—no matter how little or insignificant it might seem. Why shouldn't she? They are her closest friends, and she talks to them about everything. If they do not

obtain the favor for her at once, she keeps on asking. She pleads, she begs, she insists, she even pouts, and finally she resorts to one of the devices the girls were just citing. She puts the statue of St. Joseph down in the empty coal bin because her sisters are shivering with cold. In her case it is a beautifully touching act of faith; it is childlike confidence, simplicity, humility. Simplicity and humility are bound to win out. It is our confounded pride which prevents most of our prayers from being heard."

"I see," said Tom Saunders, "when a holy person that is always prayin' finally resorts to one of them devices to cap the hay-rick as it were, it's quite the natural and correct thing to do. But when some feller, that never prays, tries to chisel in at that end, 'stead o' commencing' at the other, and tries to get something for nothing, he's a fraud."

**F**ATHER CASEY, once I got a Protestant boy to wear a medal of the Blessed Mother. Was that right or wrong?" Ruth asked the question, then added the hazy declaration: "Some say it was, and some say it wasn't."

"What inducement did you offer?"

"I told him it would bring good luck. — And he promised he would always wear it."

"The good luck that feller was lookin' for was to get on the good side of Ruth Saunders by acceptin' her medal," Bill Barnstable suggested.

"No, Ruth, you gave him the wrong motive," the priest explained. "He probably wore the medal just as he would any foolish good-luck charm. And that, of course, would be sheer superstition."

"What motive should I have suggested to him?"

"The true motive. Say: Listen, if I did something to honor your mother, you and she would be pleased, wouldn't

you? Wear this medal to honor the Mother of Jesus Christ. He will be pleased, and so will she, and they will take special care of you and protect you from many dangers and misfortunes."

"Father Casey, you said we had been mixing up solid devotion and stupid superstition. You have told us what is solid devotion. Now tell us what you condemn as stupid superstition." This request came from Mrs. Saunders. Tired of waiting for husband and daughter, the good woman had climbed down from her high seat on the wagon and come to join in the palaver. The rest of the family followed, leaving one boy to hold the horses, which were stamping impatiently, fighting flies and dreaming of the stall and of the feedbox full of delicious oats.

"It is superstition," the priest replied, "to seek help from things which neither God nor nature has given power to help you. You use medicine: good, nature has given it power to help you. You piously wear a blessed medal; good, God has given it power to help you. You use a four-leaf clover, a rabbit's foot, a goat's horn: superstition, for neither God nor nature has given them power to help you."

"How do we know God has not given them power?"

"Because it would be an insult to God to suppose that He would give extraordinary supernatural power to such silly things, which are not in any way connected with true devotion."

"And how do we know that nature has not given them power?"

"Our own common sense tells us that. A goat's horn hanging from your watch chain can have no natural connection with the winning of the sweepstakes. A horseshoe nailed over the stable door can have no natural connection with keeping sickness away from the stock."

"But somehow 'rother they do seem to help at times."

"If ever they do help, this help is not from God, it is not from nature, therefore it must be from the devil. There is no other explanation. This hobnobbing with the devil is superstition. That is why it is sinful."

"But, Father Casey, we have no intention of hitchin' up with the Old Boy."

"You say you have none. Your acts belie your words. You nail up this horse-shoe over the stable door, and you expect it to help you. You know it cannot have this power from God, cannot have this power from nature, therefore you must have a sneaking suspicion that it has this power from the devil. You are really asking the devil to take a hand in your affairs. Of course the devil can do nothing except in so far as God permits him. But when you sinfully invite him by one of these devil signs, God permits him to accept the invitation."

"Pervided we say our prayers to God and keep His commandments, what great harm is there in slipping a tip to the devil to keep him friendly, too?" Greenbriar wanted to know.

"What harm? Great harm. Friendly relations with an enemy at war against this country is high treason against the United States. Friendly relations with the enemy of God is high treason against God. There is no possible compromise between the God of infinite purity and truth and this obscene liar who revels in evil."

**T**OM SAUNDERS had been thinking hard. Now he said: "I see how

I would be dillydallying with Beelzebub if I expected help from the horse-shoe. But I don't think we expect any help from it. We use it more as a kind of a joke."

"A dangerous joke," the priest retorted. "Deep down in your heart you may have a little hope that this sign may do something for you. If so, you have fallen into the sin of superstition — you have sent a friendly invitation to the devil. And once he becomes your guest, he is not easy to get rid of. No, into the fire with all these superstitious emblems. Into the fire with them. Use blessed medals instead. You need all the help from God you can get. You need to keep as close to God and as far away from the devil as possible."

"And what of tea made from wort gathered on Good Friday?"

"Wort tea may help your stomachache, or whatever you have. But gathering it precisely on Good Friday is a superstitious practice."

"And poor Mr. Lumkins must burn his horse chestnut?"

"I personally do not believe that a horse chestnut, carried in the pocket, can have any natural power to help rheumatism, but possibly it may. Therefore, our good nurseryman may keep his chestnut — also his rheumatism. For here is the law: so long as your common sense tells you that a certain article may have power from God or from nature to help you, you are allowed to use it — *provided you protest* that you do not want any help at all if the help comes from the devil," said Father Casey.



## SWAMP SCENE

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If you are a lover of horses — test your love and loyalty by putting yourself in the place of the hero of this true story. He is on his way toward beatification.

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G. J. CORBETT

HE HAD been told in the seminary that every priest should have a hobby. Father Neumann was the sort of man who took such words of advice to heart. To him a well-intentioned directive from an older man had the nature of a command from Divine Providence. That was the reason why Father Neumann, rugged missionary that he was, in the saddle hour upon hour, had cultivated the erudite, exclusive, almost effeminate habit of gathering and cataloguing plants — weeds, herbs, ivies, flowers. There was no doubt but that Father Neumann had the best collection of wild flowers in upper New York State. It would have been passing strange if he had not; for he was one of the very small band of priests who worked in that section of America in 1840 and certainly the only one among them who had taken his academic biology seriously.

It was thus he mused as he clamored down an old Indian trail, his horse picking her way carefully as if to make certain that every twig in New York State would beat stingingly across the rider's face. Father Neumann had long ago decided on the basis of cold, clear reasoning that Geraldine, his horse, was not worth her salt. Indeed, in Europe, no decent glue factory would allow such a shambling caricature of a horse to clutter up its glue pots. But in primitive America, where stately stallions were of rare occurrence and placed by popular estimation on a higher stratum than a Catholic priest, the man of God had to be content with a stumbling nag not worthy of a self-respecting demon out of hell. These droll thoughts had

rescued the tired circuit rider on many an occasion during his long hours in the saddle from a severe loss of temper — and they were saving him now.

Then something caught his eye! Off to the left lay the marshy ground called Cameron's Grove, a lovely name indeed for what was no more than a swamp. But old Sam Cameron at Batavia would not have won his spurs as a realtor had he not used his God-given imagination on his property. Perhaps, some day a mighty city would blossom from this marsh; the fast growing city of Chicago had started on less.

BUT that was neither here nor there. What had caught the missionary's eye was not Cameron's Grove — he had seen that a dozen times; but the beautiful mauve figure of a rare mountain daisy — so rare in fact that the botanical specialist among the clergy of upper New York State could not place it immediately. He dropped from his horse in an instant and peered out across the slimy terrain of Cameron's Grove, charting his course. Geraldine stopped and turned an inquisitive eye on her rider. Evidently he was off again. Then she took to nibbling at the grass that fringed the path with the few teeth that were hers.

Father Neumann's eyes focused on one object — that mauve mountain daisy midstream in Cameron's folly. His mind weighed ends and means with the human prudence of a financier. He glanced about wildly for some sort of conveyance to bear him out across the grimy deep, boards, boots, even a boat. He passed over Geraldine with a

glance; to ride that fair maiden into Cameron's Grove would be to court catastrophe.

He cast a few logs before him as an apology for a footpath and decided to take a chance on his own agility. Within a few moments he was knee deep in Cameron's Grove. He splashed his way toward the precious daisy and plucked it avidly. A beauty! A specimen well worth his effort! Wouldn't his Bohemian professor's eyes pop with glee at the sight of this lavender loveliness! He wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief and waded back to Geraldine.

Again on dry land, he extracted his specimen from his handkerchief, and set to study it more in detail. Yes, there they were—the pistil, the sepal, the stamen, the petals. Yes, there they *were*, for suddenly the precious plant was snatched rudely from his loving hands. He turned quickly, just in time to see the last vestige of his priceless speci-

men pass the ancient lips of Geraldine. She loved beauty as much as a Bohemian professor, but hers was the practical outlook!

NOW Father Neumann was a gentle man. He could sit for hours in the confessional; day after day he could meet the grinding routine of mission work with a smile. But he was not made of stone. He flicked off a willow sprig with his knife and prepared to lather milady as she had never been lathered before.

Then the drollness of the situation struck him again and saved the day. Father Neumann, the best clerical biologist in upper New York State, roared with laughter. After all, thought he, God can make a million mauve mountain daisies. But a story like this for the next deanery meeting—that does come only once in a lifetime!

### Forming Youth at 93

In a mid-western Jesuit boarding school there's a very important faculty member who is ninety-three years old. This veteran—a Jesuit Brother—is not a teacher. Apparently he does nothing. Yet he teaches a lesson the boys never forget. For when he walks up and down the campus sidewalks he's always saying the rosary. That's his work on the faculty—just saying the rosary. Whether the boys are going to class, rushing out to play football, leaving on a hike to the bluffs, or just strolling along and talking, they're sure to meet him with rosary in hand. When they meet him, they may hardly notice him. That's because his presence doesn't attract attention—his influence is the influence of holiness: unnoticed in the giving and unnoticed in the receiving.

The old Jesuit Brother's work is important in the formation of youth. His example and prayer are irresistible. During his years at the school thousands of young vivacious boys have come and gone, but none has gone without feeling the influence of "the holy old man with the rosary in his hand."—V. Blum, S.J.

## R. F. D.

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Some of the advantages, which you will never suspect if you live in a big city, that go with R.F.D. — the country to you.

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WHO wants to live in the country? How can you stand it in a little burg like this? — in fact you're miles from town. How do you ever get through these roads?

Why take the trouble to answer? In short the answer is: We like it. You know there can be lots of fun living in the country — well, three miles from town. Of course when the thermometer stops falling — and the snow, too — you may have to wait a week for the snow plows to open the road, or else dig yourself out. And you may miss the morning paper because the mail missed connections — well, you couldn't go shopping anyhow. And — just skip it: here is one good reason why "we" like it — a chance to meet some people and find out that they are people after all.

Just take the postmaster, for instance. There is one here, believe it or not. And there is a nice post office, too. Could tell you something about that post office, but I won't: some literal-minded, conscientious person might start shouting politics and we can't have politics in the postal service. Did you ever meet your postmaster? Bet most of you don't even know his first name. And the mail carrier and the stamp clerks and the maintenance men (used to be called janitors — an honorable profession). That's why it's fun to live in or near a small place. Gosh! you find out all about the boy who is in the South Pacific and the other one who got his wings in the Air Corps; and the first grandchild; and — O! how some people wrap a package! "What?" "Two cents due, please."

Can't say that the mayor is a personal friend: but have met the chief

of police — pardon me, not on the usual official business. Of course, living outside the city limits tends to restrict one's official acquaintances to a meager few.

Some people have ventured to enter the hallowed precincts of a Federal Reserve bank; and that on legitimate business. One such D-day was enough. We who live in the country go to the bank in the city (not too big a city). The front door is open — only during banking hours; there is no stern, solemn, six-foot armed guard awaiting just inside the entrance. In fact, just like your modernized and streamlined zoo, they have even taken the bars off the tellers' cages. They're real folks, there, too. A friendly little chat; queries about the condition of the roads in the winter or the fishing in the summer. So, that's why it's our bank.

Ever meet a truck driver? Sure, in the good old days when you burned those extra gallons you can't get now. And you growled things under your breath because you had to snail along behind a heavy trailer job crawling up a hill. You were not going anyplace but you were in a hurry. They're doing a big job now: hauling all their own pre-war loads and a lot of L.C.L. that the railroads can't handle because they just haven't got the men and the equipment to do it. And they give you a lot of friendly service in a small place. When the load is heavy they'll give you a hand to load it into your pick-up; they take time out to call and let you know that the box you're looking for came in. It may be just a friendly high sign in passing on the highway. "Sorry; nothing for you today. Waited in the depot until the last truck came in. Nothing

on it for you." Maybe they are shifted to another run or laid off for sickness or just a vacation. Then you are glad to see the regular driver back on the job again.

Speaking of railroads—you just don't know what they are and what they do and WHO they are until you live real close to one. And I don't mean "down by the tracks."

You know it takes a little army of men, and women too, to speed you safely on a streamliner or deliver you whole or in parts on a mixed train (freight and passenger service combined) to tiny flag stops on a branch line. They say there are such things as "presidents" and "general managers"—never met them. But there are section hands, operators, agents, maintenance men, tower men, crossing guards, roundhouse crews, trainmen, brakemen, flagmen, baggage-men, conductors, firemen and engineers, dispatchers, auditors, trainmasters, superintendents. You have to know them to know a railroad.

Each one has his own particular duties in the complex service institutions so often called "the railroad." How would you like to take care of two telephone lines, several telegraph circuits, tickets, mail, baggage, and other incidental duties eight hours a day and seven days a week? That is what some of them have to do. Sometimes they pass out little printed cards that will take you to your destination or even bring you back. Sometimes they hand you a strip of paper about a yard long with all your transfers and changes to your destination. No wonder that occasionally the idle questioner or even legitimate traveler gets a short answer.

What would you do? "When does the three o'clock train come in?" Three minutes to train time and the train al-

ready approaching the station: "Give me a ticket to XYZ." "Sorry, but I haven't the time to make it up for you." "But I have to get there as soon as possible." And they go off growling about "the service." Take the case of the lady who was told to get off the train at a certain station, walk to the right, and board the next train to her destination at O. She walked to the right; walked right out of the station and into another railroad depot and boarded a train there. About two hours later the operator in O had to try and explain why she was in Q and how to get to O. It's all in a day's work: sometimes, what a day!

The army needs men like that. The navy could easily make radiomen out of them. Sure. There were three who felt just as you do. Two of them even laid off their work to go to a navy recruiting office—they are back on the job, keeping them rolling on the main line.

Naturally, they stick together. Either you belong or you don't. But a great bunch when you get to know them. Well trained; interested in their work; loyal to the road; willing and ready to serve the public when they can. Best of all, they're real people with families and friends, hopes and ambitions, hobbies and responsibilities.

There's a lot more in this little burg—the butcher and baker and shoe repairman; the garageman and hardware dealer; printer and editor of the local weekly paper. The pastor of the local parish and the Sisters who teach in his school.

Takes a lot of different people and different kinds to make up even this small burg.

Right. I? Well, I'll be going back to the big city soon and like it too.

## *Thought for the Shut-in*

L. F. HYLAND

### **HEROES FOR SHUT-INS (2)**

There is a very powerful lesson for every shut-in in the legendary story that is told of the great apostle St. Peter and his effort to escape the cross. He established his See and the headquarters of the true Church in Rome just at the time when persecution of the Christians was at its height. The catacombs were the only safe places for those who believed in Christ, and to leave them was to risk one's life at the hands of the persecutors.

Some time after Peter arrived in Rome, the story goes that he was advised to safeguard himself and the infant Church by fleeing the city at night. He set out in the darkness, and was trudging along one of the roads leading away from the city when suddenly he saw a luminous figure approaching him along the same road. Wondering greatly, he continued on until the figure was upon him, and then he saw that it was the Master, carrying a heavy cross, walking toward Rome. In great agitation the apostle cried out: "Master, whither goest thou?" The Saviour looked sadly at Peter and then answered: "I go to Rome, to be crucified again." Immediately Peter understood the message, that if he would escape the cross, then Christ would have to suffer it Himself again, so he turned in his tracks and returned to the city. Not so long after he was taken by the Romans and put to death on a cross. And in sorrow for his fall and for his weakness, deeming himself unworthy even to be crucified like his Master, he asked that his cross be inverted, and they granted the request, impaling him head downwards on his cross.

It is not stretching a point to believe that the crucified Saviour asks every shut-in to bear the suffering He has sent as a necessary part of the atonement needed for the sins of the world, and even as a means of sparing Him from further anguish. The shut-in who complains and grumbles, who refuses to be reconciled to his state, is like Peter fleeing the city of Rome to escape the cross. In such moments, he should imagine a meeting with the Master, and should seem to hear the words: "I go to Rome, to be crucified again." It is hard to think that courage will not be born of such a meditation, even a courage like to that with which Peter closed his life, when he begged the privilege of adding to the suffering that had been devised for him, so that he might fill out the measure of his penance and atonement for sin.

# Side Glances

by The Bystander

On January 31, at a meeting of the Protestant Council of the City of New York, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made a speech pleading for unity among the Christian Churches. The speech is so warm-hearted, so obviously sincere, so generous in its assumptions of good will that one cannot but admire greatly the man who made it. And we sincerely believe that the man who made that speech is the kind of man with whom we could easily sit down and discuss it, talking frankly and freely and trying to reach agreement in our separate minds.



The first point of discussion and difficulty is going to arise from the following description Mr. Rockefeller gives of "a reborn Church," in which all the divisions of present-day Christianity will worship and work together. After describing it as a church whose "terms of admission would be love for God, as He is revealed in Christ and His living spirit, and the vital translation of that love into a Christ-like life," whose "atmosphere would be one of warmth, freedom and joy," the speaker adds these words: "It would pronounce ordinance, ritual, creed, all non-essential for admission into the kingdom of God or His Church. A life, not a creed, would be the test! Its object would be to promote applied religion, not theoretical religion." . . . Right here the first obstacle to general unity in such a Church rears up forbiddingly. For there is first of all a contradiction in Mr. Rockefeller's own design for this church of unity. On the one hand, ordinance or creed is to be non-essential. But on the other hand, the terms of admission are to be "love of God as He is revealed in Christ and His living spirit." For anyone to love God as He is revealed in Christ and His living Spirit it is obviously necessary to believe (creed 1) in God, to believe (creed 2) in Christ, to believe (creed 3) in His living Spirit. For anyone to translate the love of God into a Christlike life, it is necessary to believe (creed 4) in the virtues Christ inculcated, to believe (creed 5) in the laws He promulgated, to believe (creed 6) in the truth and value of His example. In other words, if men are going to act in a certain pattern which Mr. Rockefeller often calls the pattern of "righteousness," they must believe in the pattern, and that constitutes at least one essential creed. And underlying the whole issue is the basic one that Christ taught that belief in Him (i.e., having a specific creed) was essential to admission into the Kingdom of God. "Teach all nations . . . whatsoever I have commanded you . . . he that believeth shall be saved." Surely all Christians who logically see the necessity of a specific creed as taught by Christ cannot accept an invitation into a church proposed by a man in which "creed will be non-essential."



The second point for discussion and difference will surely be Mr. Rockefeller's presentation of a view on baptism and communion that is directly at odds with Christ's own statements. He says, speaking of Christ: "Few and simple were the forms He set up or sanctioned, such as baptism and the Lord's Supper, but they were wonderfully beautiful and filled with sacred inspiration. Baptism is an ordinance of profound symbolic meaning. Christ Himself was baptized. He did not, however, make baptism a condition of church membership. The Lord's Supper is a sacrament, also rich in symbolic beauty. . . . On the other hand, in the face of the great problems of sin, of evil and of spiritual hunger which confront the world today, can we imagine that were Christ to come to earth

## THE LIGURIAN

again He would regard the observance or non-observance of these and other ordinances and individual beliefs, or the manner in which they are observed, as of sufficient importance to justify controversy among His followers and their separation into rival factions?" But can anyone approach Mr. Rockefeller in a spirit of unity on the subject of baptism who has read Christ's own words: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?" Without destroying Christ, can one say, on the basis of those words, that He did not make baptism a condition of Church membership? And on the subject of communion, will not one who has been led to Christ by the authority of His teaching, the power of His miracles and the divinity of His example, feel that there are no two explanations of His words about communion, one that He was right and the other that He was wrong: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you?" Is unity valuable at the expense of Christ? Is it possible?



Mr. Rockefeller gives, further on in his speech, a good definition of religion. He calls it "the personal, spiritual relation between the soul and its God." But we would beg him, if we had a chance to sit down and talk with him, to reconsider what he says in connection with that definition. It is this: "Let ordinance, creed, ritual, form, Biblical interpretation, theology, all be used to enrich worship, and bring the believer (Note: a believer is one who has a creed) into a fuller understanding of Him whom we worship, as each individual or separate church may find them helpful toward that end. But God forbid that they should ever, any of them, divert the attention from or be regarded as a substitute for that personal spiritual relation between the soul and its God which is the essence of true religion." On reconsideration, I am sure that Mr. Rockefeller would consent to a slight addition to his definition of the essence of true religion. It is indeed the relation between the soul and God, but a relation founded on what God has decreed for the soul. Religion is what God asks of the soul of man, not what the soul decides it is willing to give. And if God has determined certain things that He wants the soul to believe, and certain actions He wants it to perform, and certain sacraments (call them "rites" or "forms" or whatever) that He wants it to receive, then it would surely be an interference with the soul's spiritual relationship with God to tell it that these were unnecessary.



Mr. Rockefeller rightly recognizes a great spiritual hunger on the part of mankind. Alas, in his fervor and sincerity he misses an important point and misconstrues the whole nature of man. He says: "This natural craving for religious guidance must not be repelled by alphabetical lists of denominational churches and agencies, when what they seek is so fundamental, and sectarian differences are so superficial. Rather should they be able to get in any Christian church, whatever the style of its architecture or the shade of its belief, the spiritual wisdom and strength which they need to fit them for practical daily living." The point he misses is the fact that the hunger of man is for truth first, and through truth the comfort of guidance and certainty in the business of living. He misconstrues the nature of man when he thinks that any one of a hundred churches should be able to supply the wisdom and strength man needs, no matter how they differ in "creeds" and "rites." For wisdom is only truth known and loved, and truth is one, indivisible, unchanging, eternal. Man was made for that kind of truth; his mind will be restless and his soul faint from groping for it in the dark, until he finds it and embraces it — even to its last infinitesimal detail!

# Catholic Anecdotes ~ ~ ~ ~

## A QUESTION BECOMES AN ANSWER

**S**OMETIMES a very simple question is capable of leading a doubting mind to the truth. A remarkable example of this is found in the life of St. Francis de Sales.

Lord Stafford, who was living in Abbeville, France, at the time, was a devout Catholic, while his wife was a staunch Protestant. For a long time he had been praying for her conversion, but it seemed without success. Then one day he had an opportunity of introducing her to the bishop of Amiens, St. Francis de Sales, whom she had greatly admired.

The holy bishop at first made no effort to bring up the subject of religion, wisely leaving that to Providence and a favorable occasion. Then one day, after several meetings, he asked Lady Stafford if she were entirely satisfied in conscience with the religion she was practicing. She answered:

"With the Bible in my hand, I fear no one."

The words of the bishop made a deep impression on her, however, and she began to reflect seriously. There were two things that gave her great difficulty: the Catholic Mass and the doctrine of Purgatory. Finally she went to St. Francis and told him that she did not think she could ever accept these teachings. In answer, he said:

"Madame, you are acquainted with the Protestant bishop of London, for I have often heard you speak of him. I only ask you to do this: Go to him and say: 'The bishop of Amiens declares that he will immediately become a Protestant if you can disprove the fact that St. Augustine, whom you regard as one of the greatest lights of the church, offered up holy Mass, and offered it up for the dead, i.e., for his own deceased mother.'"

Lady Stafford accepted the proposition and at her first opportunity presented to the bishop of London the statement of St. Francis in writing, asking a written reply. But the bishop of London answered only:

"Alas, this lady has fallen into evil hands, and will surely be perverted. Whatever I might say will not hinder the disaster. A letter from me would only give rise to misunderstanding and recriminations."

Lady Stafford went back to the bishop of Amiens, and after a few days' retreat, became a Catholic.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## *Time for Conversion*

The last weeks of Lent are like a tremendous sermon, rising in a progressive crescendo, searching out every last corner of the human heart and mind, reaching a final climax on Good Friday with a crashing appeal that no one should be able to resist. The sermon is the dramatic representation of the closing days and hours of the Redeemer's life; and its object is the conversion of every soul who witnesses it.

Conversion is a term that can be applied to everyone, to the Christian and non-Christian, to the loyal Catholic and fallen-away, to the habitual sinner and the infrequent transgressor, to the beginner in the spiritual life and the tried and proven servant of God. Conversion means transformation; it signifies any turning to God, any turning one's back on imperfection or sin, any new act of self-surrender to the infinite love of God. The sermon of Lent, and especially of Holy Week, has for its end some such conversion for every soul.

Two things are necessary for the sermon to take effect. The first is that it must be heard, pondered, dwelt upon. This requires going to Mass more often during Lent, participating in the services of Holy Week, reading the Passion, above all sharing the liturgy of the Mass and Holy Week with the Church as she presents it. No one can be touched by the lessons of the Passion and the death of Christ or converted by them who does not go near His cross, either in reality, as in the Mass, or in spirit through meditation on its meaning.

The second thing necessary is that the meaning of Christ's suffering and death be applied directly to oneself. Lent is not the time to dwell on the sins and failings of others, no matter how terrible they have been. Its lessons are intended for the individual soul. Thus one must say to himself: "Christ suffered and died for *me*. He bore *my sins* and iniquities upon His back. He is teaching *me* the meaning of *my* sins. He is asking *me* to recognize His infinite love and to give Him *mine* in return." No one who takes home to himself thus the message of Lent can emerge from it without some change and conversion.

"Turn to Me," says the Saviour, "and I will turn to you."

## *On Soldiers, Their Parents, and The Mass*

Father Joseph Stedman, leading popularizer of the Missal here at home and among the armed forces (4,650,000 copies of the Sunday Missal and Military Missal have been distributed since the war began through Father Stedman's efforts), recently gave a realistic report on religion in the services at one of the meetings of the National Liturgical Week held in St. Patrick's Cathedral Auditorium in New York. The report was based on letters he

received from Catholic chaplains in response to certain questions he sent them. A fairly typical chaplain's reply read as follows:

"To myself I seem to be a realist, seeing facts and reporting them, not blinding my eyes with the example of a few men who are living saints. . . . It is a daily occurrence, here at the final training station for bomber crews, to talk to men who dropped the practice of religion when they donned a uniform. Confessions are few and ill-prepared. The way the men clear the chapel before Mass is over amazes the Protestants with its speed and efficiency. I have greater numbers at Mass than the Protestants at their services, although they far outnumber us. So what? Only about 30 per cent of the Catholic men here attend Mass on Sunday; about 18 per cent on holy days. And the Masses are at the most convenient times possible. With these facts, is it honest to rhapsodize over the glowing faith and ardent charity of the men? If I am wrong, tell me. I'd be glad to sing rather than croak. Does all this make you feel like jumping in the air and shouting 'Alleluia'? I've asked myself a thousand times: 'Why is it? What can I do?' My answer is, '*The parents have failed, and there is not much you can do to counteract at least 18 years of indifferntism.*'"

A distressing and depressing report that, but one which American Catholics might just as well face and try to do something about. *The parents have failed, and there is not much you can do about it.* For those young men whose parents have failed them, it is only too true that not much can be done. But shall not the new generation of parents just raising their children take note and do something?

Father Stedman is right in saying that one of the keys to the explanation of this state of affairs is in the popular attitude to the Mass. Catholic parents who never attend a Mass except when commanded by law, who habitually come late even then, and often for the slightest reasons leave early, who know nothing about the meaning of the Mass ceremonies and have never opened an English Missal, who offer their children no other incentives for attendance at Mass than a barren command, are the mothers and fathers of the 70 per cent of so-called Catholics in some army camps who do not even go to Mass on Sunday. Children being raised in the same fashion today will be a new 70 per cent of indifferent, lapsed, and renegade Catholics a score of years from now.

The Mass matters gravely in every Catholic's life and in the upbringing of Catholic children. Parents who set the example by going to Mass on weekdays as well as Sundays, whenever they can, who learn the beauties of the Missal and thus have something to say to their children beyond the fact that they are obliged by the third commandment of God and the first precept of the Church, will not have lax and irreligious grown sons and daughters.

### ***Banning Books and Freedom—***

One of the topics that is usually treated with a great deal of scorn and ridicule in the papers and literary publications these days is that of censorship of books as it is exercised in Boston. Some writers of the libertine school of thought rant against any kind of censorship anywhere in the world as an

insult to the intelligence of the "public" and a death blow to "freedom." Others aim their shafts at the particular means of censure in Boston, constituted by the Watch and Ward Society. They agree that obscenity should not be distributed, but would like to place the onus of censure on publishers, authors themselves, librarians, or even on the public through a righteous boycott of bad books that happen to reach the market. Still others scoff at the Boston type of censure as a means of publicizing bad books beyond their value, though one usually detects in such protestations some flavor of the above-mentioned scorn for all censure.

Conscientious American citizens should not be taken in by the glib and facile settlements of the censure problem that come from the pens of those who would apparently die for "their right to read anything." There are issues at stake far vaster than small minds can perceive. Among them are the following:

It is a fact known by every mature person's experience, that obscene reading foment lust, promotes social crimes, disrupts homes, and harms human beings.

It is an indisputable truth that inexperienced youth and mentally and morally weak adults can be and frequently are perverted if they have easy access to sexually inflammatory literature.

Despite all the confidence that literary dictators have in "the decency of the public," "the social consciences of publishers and authors," the "personal responsibility of book sellers and librarians," etc., that person knows nothing about America who does not realize that there are authors who will produce as much and as crude obscenity as they can get by with; there are publishers who will print it, book sellers who will distribute it, and both curious and prurient people who will buy it and read it.

Society, both through its lawfully constituted civic authority and through its conscientious leaders, has the obligation of promoting the common good and protecting itself from evils that can arise from its conscienceless members.

Principles like these must be kept in mind when attacks are made against censure or book prohibitions of any kind. Rightly exercised censure is not an attack on freedom; it is a protection of the good and the free from the license and cruelty of the bad.

### Anagram

We all have seen the ancient anagram on the first word of the Hail Mary — Ave, Eva. Perhaps the most remarkable anagram in any language is that carved in stone over the portal of the collegiate church in Meppen, Germany, under a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It reads:

Programma.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

Anagramma.

Inventa sum Deipara, ergo Immaculata.

All the letters of the Angelical Salutation ("Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee") enter into the making of the second sentence, with not one letter over or lacking: "I have been found Mother of God and therefore Immaculate."

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# LIGUORIANA

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

*Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer*

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(NOTE: St. Alphonsus was a tireless letter writer. Approximately 1500 of the saint's letters have been collected into five volumes. They are probably the least known of his works. Yet they hardly deserve such a fate. For there is no form of writing in which a man reveals his true self more than in his correspondence. The letters of a saint, a doctor of the Church, and a renowned spiritual guide must, then, be all the more interesting and instructive. The letters that appear in the pages of "Liguoriana" have been chosen with no effort at chronological arrangement, but only for their variety of interest, insight into St. Alphonsus' character, and spiritual advice.)

TO ABBÉ CLAUDE FRANCIS NONNOTTE,  
BESANCON, FRANCE (MARCH, 1778)  
Congratulates a Zealous Defender of  
the Faith

Live Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
Reverend and Dear Sir:

The writer of this letter is a bishop of the kingdom of Naples. I am eighty-two years old. Age and bad health have compelled me to resign the episcopal charge. Having retired to a house of the Congregation of which I am a member, I find my only solace in these last days of my life, in reading the excellent works which you have written against Voltaire. May God be thanked for having preserved my life until now, thus permitting me to read these beautiful works! I have them constantly before me. I call them golden books, for in each of their chapters I find a learned explanation of the maxims of the holy faith, and also the clearest and most convincing replies to the infamous works which Voltaire

and his disciples have filled with their heresies, their lies and their contradictions.

It would give me great pleasure to see your *Errors of Voltaire* translated into every language. I should be especially pleased to see printed in every language the still more important work written by you against the *Philosophical Dictionary*. The whole Christian world would then be able to read it.

On my part, I have endeavored to encourage everybody to buy your works; and recently, when a little work of my composition, relative to missions, was sent to all the Superiors of the Congregations of Missionaries of Naples, I asked them to recommend your works to every one. I have also read the Brief of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement XIII, flattering as it is to your work on the *Errors of Voltaire*. On the first favorable occasion, I will ask our Holy Father, Pope Pius VI, to honor you again with a Brief in praise of the work that you have composed against the *Philosophical Dictionary*. You filled this last work with excellent arguments, and have perfectly refuted this pernicious dictionary.

If I write to you in this manner, it is not to testify to you the esteem in which I hold your books. They stand in no need of my eulogy; for the learned, I am pleased to see, have bestowed upon them their warmest approbation. I wish, above all, to urge you to seize every opportunity to engage in the combat; and if these modern philosophers, true agents of Satan, should again publish any work infected with their errors, do not fail to answer them. For I be-

lieve that the Lord has endowed you with an admirable talent for refuting these infamous books, which deserve only to be thrown into the fire, for their daily publication ruins a multitude of young men.

I have read many works directed against these unbelievers, but I assure you, I have seen none that refutes the current errors with so much ability and clearness as yours.

I conclude by recommending myself to your prayers. And I, in turn, will ask the Lord to deign to reward you for having defended our faith by these excellent works.

Believe me, Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your very humble and affectionate servant,

Alphonsus Mary de Liguori.

TO FRANCIS MARIA DE VOLTAIRE,  
PARIS (MAY, 1778)

Joy at Hearing News of Voltaire's Conversion.

The writer of this letter is a bishop so nearly worn out with infirmities that the Sovereign Pontiff has condescended to allow him to resign the bishopric of Saint Agatha of the Goths. In my last days, at the advanced age of eighty-three, your conversion, which is as fortunate for you as it is satisfactory to all good Catholics, has been a subject of such great joy to me, that I cannot help addressing to you my sincerest congratulations.

I was brokenhearted, and I even shed bitter tears, when I saw you employing so badly, and for so long a time, the rare talents with which God has endowed you. Many a time, notwithstanding my profound unworthiness, I ad-

ressed to the Most High most fervent prayers, that this Father of mercies might cause you to abjure your errors, and draw you completely to His love.

My ardent desires are this very day realized. Your conversion is more advantageous to the Church than the heroic labors of a hundred bands of missionaries could have been.

In order that this joy may be universal and complete, and that the sincerity of your return to God may be free from the slightest doubt, you should, in my opinion, write something as a refutation of your previous errors and sophisms. I should be still more pleased if you would use your pen against a writer who has lately dared to attack the dogmas of our holy faith. Why should you not shatter the arrow in his hands, since he causes immense harm to so many young men, whom the love of free thought carries away boldly to despise their God and to become careless about their souls?

I know that your eyesight is poor, but the least writing dictated by you would satisfy the expectations of the entire world. It would, above all, reduce to silence those who wish to throw doubt upon your conversion, and who see in all this only hypocrisy on your part.

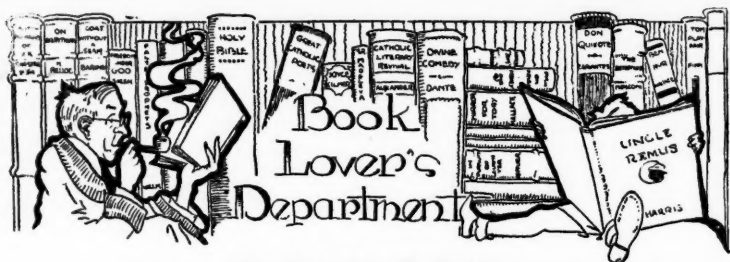
In the meantime, I will fervently pray to God, that he may grant you strength, if not to write, at least to dictate some pages in refutation of the infidels of the day.

(ED. NOTE: *This letter of St. Alphonsus to the infamous Voltaire was never sent, for the news of the latter's conversion was promptly and completely denied. Voltaire died in the most frightful despair on May 30, 1778.*)

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**READERS MAY PURCHASE**

**A Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori** Price, \$2.00  
From the Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wis.



Conducted by T. Tobin

## CATHOLIC AUTHORS

### 22. PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN 1852-1913

**I. Life:** On March 17th, a few days after his birth, Patrick A. Sheehan was baptized in the parish church of Mallow in Ireland. At the age of fourteen he began his ecclesiastical studies at the preparatory seminary of St. Colman's. His higher studies were made at Maynooth. The Bishop of Cloyne raised him to the sacred priesthood on April 18, 1875. Like many other young Irish priests, he spent two years in parochial work in England. In 1877 his Bishop called him back to serve as curate in his own parish of Mallow. Father Sheehan was appointed parish priest at Doneraile in 1895. In recognition of his services to the cause of Catholic letters the Bishop made him an honorary Canon of the Cathedral, and Pope Leo XIII gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Canon Sheehan died in Doneraile on October 5, 1913.

**II. Writings:** Canon Sheehan was one of the most gifted of the Irish Catholic authors of the last generation. His erudition, his majestic imagery and the "humaneness" of his books won for him a large reading public. The Catholic philosophy of life is the background of all his books.

Canon Sheehan has written a book of poems, a volume of sermons and several books of essays. *Under the Cedars and Stars* and *Parerga* are two volumes of informal essays. But it is as a novelist that he won fame. Most of his novels deal with Irish life. *Glenanaar* and *The Graves at Kilmorna* retell scenes from the stormy history of Ireland. *Lisheen* pictures the evils that the landlord system worked on the poor Irish peasant. In *The Queen's Fillet* Canon Sheehan leaves Irish history for a story of the French Revolution, a thrilling tale that introduces real historical personages. Perhaps his greatest success was reached in his novels of clerical life. *The Blindness of Doctor Grey* tells the life of a priest who learned that the mercy of love must always temper the strictness of the law. *Luke Delmege* is the story of a young priest's road to sanctity through the Cross. Every young priest will do well to read this tale of success and failure. *Geoffrey Austin*, *Student* and *The Triumph of Failure* are novels of student life in Ireland.

**III. The Novel:** Canon Sheehan first published *My New Curate* as a serial story in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. It enjoyed great popularity both as a serial and as a published work. Daddy Dan was the parish priest to whom the Bishop sent the young curate to be trained. The young curate was a man of ideas, some practical, some not. The seriousness and the humor of Irish life are seen in the pages of *My New Curate*. The story has the human touch that makes it appeal to all. People who have enjoyed *Going My Way* will understand and appreciate the subtle human of *My New Curate*.

# FEBRUARY BOOK REVIEWS

Helene Magaret has drawn a picture of the life of some of the decadent French Nobility *Who Walk in Pride* (Bruce, 280 pp., \$2.50). The French Colonial planters demanded honor, wealth and pleasure as their

rightful reward for the accident of noble birth. Antoine Dejean, the principal character, is

## *A Novel of French Colonial Days*

the arrogant and sensual son of a wealthy planter. The story opens with the escape of Antoine and his two sisters from the hands of the Jacobins in Revolutionary France of the eighteenth century. He returns to find that the wave of freedom has reached the slaves of the plantations in the Caribbean Islands. The slaves have risen in rebellion against the cruelty of their masters. So far the plantation of the Dejeans has escaped the torch and knife of the infuriated slaves. Despite this threat that hung over the life of the island, Antoine and his kind continued to live their lives of cruelty and lust. In a moment of anger Antoine kills his slave and runs away to America. In the frontier life of the West he gradually learns that the true pride of life consists in loyalty to duty. The story ends just as this new concept of pride begins to take shape in his mind.

*Who Walk in Pride* is not a great novel, but one of lesser moment that will afford pleasant reading for idle hours. The characters, though not too finely drawn, still represent certain established types found in life. The historical background is accurately and imaginatively portrayed. The philosophy of life is of a Catholic nature.

## *The Shape of the Ideal World*

Many authors have used the futuristic novel to outline their plans for the world. S. G. Gallego has created a bizarre plan for the future world in *John Smith, Emperor* (Guild Press, 160 pp., \$1.00 paper, \$2.00 cloth). Through his new discovery of the physiological waves" John Smith has gained control over the actions of men. These waves can induce a temporary paralysis in the individual to whom they are beamed. The scientist then conceives the idea of forming a new World Government. He gathers around him a counsel of wise specialists who aid him in the formulation of his plans. By radio broadcasts he introduces himself to the entire world as the Premier of the new order. He gives commands for the war to stop, for the building of armament

*A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGURIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.*

to cease. Some try to disregard his orders and they are momentarily struck with paralysis. Gradually John Smith introduces his ideas for the reform of the monetary system, for the proper relationship between Capital and Labor

and for other necessary reforms. Through his future wife, Helen O'Boyle, he learns of the necessity of a return to the true religion as the only solid basis for a just and permanent international order. The book ends with his coronation as Emperor of the World.

*John Smith, Emperor*, will introduce the Catholic plans for the postwar world to many who would not otherwise come into contact with them. The doctrine of the book is, in general, in keeping with the Catholic view of the necessary reform. But the total union of all Nations under one Emperor is not necessary or even desirable. This book is worth reading by the thoughtful reader. The style is as readable as could be expected in a work that has to do with gigantic plans for the reorganization of the entire world.

## *A Study of Descartes*

Jacques Maritain has grouped together five essays on the French Philosopher under the title of *The Dream of Descartes* (Philosophical Library, 220 pp., \$3.00). Descartes, the founder of modern Rationalism, founded his system on a dream which he took as some supernatural phenomenon. The second essay discusses the nature of the new Science that was revealed to him. For Descartes this Science meant a new body of knowledge that would be based on modern mathematical aculations and still would satisfy the mystical longings of the human heart for religion. Maritain shows how the founder of modern Philosophy, despite his desire to remain true to the teachings of the Church, has separated the fields of Reason and Faith in such a manner as to lead to the tenets of Rationalism. In the fourth chapter the nature of the famous "Ontological Argument" for the existence of God is examined. The last section is a reprint of an address on the *Cartesian Heritage*. This summarizes the principal doctrines of Descartes.

*The Dream of Descartes* is not intended to be a complete and exhaustive study of his philosophy. Maritain mentions in the preface that sufficient leisure was not available for such a thorough discussion of this important thinker. These papers and addresses, given on various occasions, do present penetrating considerations on the main contributions of

Descartes. They form rather a critical interpretation of his doctrine than a mere outline. The translation is clear and readable. The style does not seem to be as cumbersome as in some of Maritain's other works. All who are interested in the historical development of ideas will welcome *The Dream of Descartes*. Knowledge of Descartes is necessary for the understanding of the modern mind. Maritain furnishes a good preface to Descartes.

**Jesus the Divine Teacher**

Rev. William H. Russell of the Catholic University gives a remarkable picture of *Jesus, the Divine Teacher* (Ken., 468 pp., \$3.00). In his *Chats with Jesus*, Father Russell is more informal and conversational. Now he presents a more scholarly and complete treatise on the Person of Christ. This book is intended to show all teachers the methods used by the Son of God in imparting Divine knowledge to man. The first part is concerned with the conflicting opinions that the non-Catholic world has of the Person of Christ. Liberal quotation is made of their views. The qualifications of the teacher are next examined. A hundred pages are devoted to a summary of the truths that He taught. The last two hundred pages detail the methods that Christ used to make His message attractive to the minds and hearts of His hearers. Father Russell has a way of summarizing in a clear manner the essential points of his subject-matter that makes his works very valuable. Teachers and preachers will find aid in forming themselves according to the lines of the *Divine Teacher*. The section on the doctrines taught by Christ is a lucid presentation of the fundamentals of Christianity.

**National Patriotism in Papal Teaching**

By Rev. John J. Wright. Published by Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland, Pp. lii-358.

This book covers the multitude of topics and controversies that are involved in modern patriotism, and is endowed with footnotes on every page which sometimes cover half the page or more. True, it is not easy reading. Its value lies in being a thorough and even encyclopedic source book for any student of Papal teaching on the many problems of national patriotism in the modern world; and the author deserves high commendation for his assembling of the problems, and for the immense amount of labor that must have gone into his researches on the Papal teaching on each of them. For instance, the very concept of national patriotism itself presents problems as to the difference between nation and State, and even on what constitutes a nation—is it "natural frontiers," blood and race, language—or something else? The establishment of the Papal stand on these matters con-

stitutes Part One of the book. Part Two deals with the obligations of patriotism: the obligation to promote national unity, to work for the conversion of one's country, to support the established government, and to work for an international order. Part Three gives the relation of national patriotism to international order in the field of economic goods and the field of the supernatural, with an evaluation of the non-Catholic international systems, especially Communism and the Humanitarian Freemasonry. Many things in this profound study deserve special note, but in this short review only one or the other can be touched upon. This reviewer wondered why in the section on promoting national unity by softening class differences there was no mention of Papal pronouncements on the Negro question in the United States, besides the reference to the Indians of South America (p. 82); and he ventures to disagree with the author's interpretation of the Encyclical of 1937 to the Mexican Bishops, where he holds that the Pope is not modifying previous Papal condemnations of revolt against civil authority (p. 153-4).—One striking and inspiring feature of the book is the repeated reference to Papal statements that not only individuals, but nations, have special divine vocations (see p. 69).

**A New Periodical: The Priest**

Bishop Noll has issued *The Priest* as a new magazine devoted to the discussion of the practical problems of the ministry. The editorial policy is to exclude merely speculative articles and to give its pages over to its readers and their problems. The first issue (January) gives promise of many fine numbers to come. The much quoted article on the Catholic population of our large cities first appeared in the pages of this magazine. There are short points for meditation and short sketches for sermons. As the successor of the *Acolyte*, the *Priest* will be the official organ of the National Organization for Decent Literature. We wish *The Priest* all success in its work for the practical success of the priestly apostolate.

**Pamphlets for Vocation Month.** March is dedicated to the fostering of vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life. Radio Replies Press offers two booklets that will help in this work. *To Be a Priest* (35 pp., 10 cents), by Father Rumble, outlines the nature of the work to be done by the priest and the signs of a vocation. A list of the Religious Orders of Men is given in the appendix of the pamphlet. A book written by an Australian Nun has been adapted as *American Girl! Halt! Hearken to the Cry of the Children* (28 pp., 10 cents). An appeal is made to the girl who is attracted by war work or some branch of the service to dedicate her life to teaching the children of God.

# Rating of Best Sellers

## I. Books that are suitable for family reading:

The American Character — *Brogan*  
 Your Kids and Mine — *Brown*  
 China Takes Her Place — *Crow*  
 Building of Jalna — *De La Roche*  
 Bernard Baruch — *Field*  
 No More Than Human — *Laverty*  
 Here is Your War — *Pyle*  
 Anything Can Happen Here — *Papashvily*  
 Immortal Wife — *Stone*  
 The Missouri — *Vestal*

## II. Books that are suitable for adults only either because of style and contents which are too advanced for adolescents or because of immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

Youngun — *Best*  
 Winged Peace — *Bishop*  
 They Called it "Purple Heart Valley" — *Bourke-White*  
 Until They Eat Stones — *Brines*  
 Fact and Fiction in Modern Science — *Gill*  
 "First With the Most: Forrest" — *Henry*  
 Golden Rose — *Hinkson*  
 Great Short Novels — *James*  
 I Lied to Live — *Janta*  
 Beyond All Fronts — *Jordan*  
 Battle Report: Pearl Harbor to Coral — *Kraig*  
 Story of the Secret State — *Karski*  
 Soldier to Civilian — *Pratt*  
 Intelligent American's Guide to Peace — *Welles*  
 Tomorrow Will Sing — *Arnold*  
 Try and Stop Me — *Cerf*  
 Great Son — *Ferber*  
 Green Dolphin Street — *Goudge*  
 Earth and High Heaven — *Graham*  
 Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers — *Halsey*  
 Net of Cobwebs — *Holding*  
 I Never Left Home — *Hope*  
 A Bridge to Brooklyn — *Idell*  
 High Time — *Lasswell*  
 Dear Sir — *Lowell*  
 Where Away — *Perry*  
 Cluny Brown — *Sharp*  
 People on Our Side — *Snow*  
 Assignment Without Glory — *Spinelli*  
 Boston Adventure — *Stafford*

## III. Not recommended to any class of reader:

Brainstorm — *Brown*  
 They Dream of Home — *Busch*  
 The Winds of Fear — *Carter*  
 Ride With Me — *Costain*  
 Time Must Have a Stop — *Huxley*  
 Puritanism and Democracy — *Perry*  
 Captain from Castille — *Shellabarger*  
 Presidential Agent — *Sinclair*  
 Strange Fruit — *Smith*  
 Hard Facts — *Spring*  
 They Dare Not Go A-hunting — *Cornwell*  
 A Great Time to Be Alive — *Fosdick*  
 The Troubled Midnight — *Gunther*  
 The Way — *Hartley*  
 The Glittering Hill — *Murphy*  
 Cannery Row — *Steinbeck*  
 Forever Amber — *Winsor*  
 The Gentlemen Talk of Peace — *Ziff*

# L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

The conductor was explaining to the men in the smoking car. "We're traveling in two sections tonight."

The slightly intoxicated passenger regarded him in steady amazement. "Thatsch right. Just what I been trying to tell m-my frensh. Course you are. I can see both sections of you too."

First Stew: Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?

Second Stew: He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon.

One man said: "A diamond wedding is when a couple have been married 75 years, a golden wedding is when they have been married 50 years and a silver wedding is when they have been married 25 years." His friend said: "We had a wooden wedding at my house last night." He replied: "What is a wooden wedding?" "My daughter married a blockhead."

A little boy started to school one morning with his pants on wrong hind before. He began to cry and met a man who asked him what he was crying about. The boy replied: "I don't know whether I'm going to school or coming home."

Oh, officer, there's a man following me and I think he must be drunk.

(Officer gives the woman the once-over). Yes, he must be!

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring and saw standing at the open front door a Chinese hawk. Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid:

"There's a Chinaman at the door. You go, Ella."

This was too much for the Chinese, who stuck his head well into the hall and shouted indignantly:

"You go 'ella yourself!"

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel.

"No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate."

A Scotchman and an Irishman were arguing as to the merits of their families. The Scotchman had the floor first. "I tell ye laddie, I'm sprung from the best stock in the world—from the stock of the kings of Scotland. I've got royal blood in my veins. An' what stock are you sprung from?"

"I come from the Caseys," said the Irishman simply. "They niver sprung from nobody—they sprung at 'em!"

Aunt Sidonia was a great advocate of the rod as a help in child rearing. As a result of an unmerciful beating which she gave to her younger and "orneriest," she was brought into court one day by outraged neighbors.

The judge, after giving her a severe lecture, asked if she had anything to say.

"Jes one thing, jedge," she replied, "I want to ax you a question. Was you ever the parent of a puffyckly wuthless cullud child?"

Wife (at dance) — "This is the twelfth time you've been to the refreshment buffet."

Husband — "Oh, that's all right. I tell everybody I'm getting something for you."

The vicar was visiting his oldest parishioner and commented on the fact that a small clock on the kitchen dresser was telling the correct hour, but that the grandfather clock had not been set to summer-time.

"Don't you find it a little muddling to have them different?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this, sir," said the old man. "Grandfather clock 'ave been telling the truth for 90 years and I can't find it in my heart to make 'im tell lies now. The little clock he be German make, so it be all right for him."

"Ah heah yo' an' de boss had words!"

"Well, ah did hab some words, but ah didn't hab no chance ter use dem."

Pat bet Mike that he could carry a hod of bricks to the top of a fifty-foot building, with Mike sitting on top of the hod. When near the top, Pat made a misstep, and nearly dropped Mike to the stone walk below.

Arriving at the top, Pat said, "Begorra, I've won the bet."

"Yer have," said Mike sadly. "But whin ye shlipped, I was sure I had yez."

The gentleman who kicked the lady at the show last evening seeks forgiveness. He was too dumfounded to offer an apology at the time. Be assured, Madame, that he is not in the habit of kicking women—especially when his wife is present.

Two barges on a canal were approaching each other. Although separated by a hundred yards, the respective owners recognized each other and began long-distance greetings.

The vessels passed and were almost out of hearing range when one barge suddenly roared: "How's that daughter o' yours, Bill?"

"Oh," replied Bill, in his bull-like voice, "she's gone and eloped she 'as, but we're keeping it quiet."

**BISHOPS' WAR  
EMERGENCY**



**AND  
RELIEF**

**MARCH·II·**

## MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

### UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR FAMILY

#### Reviewed This Week

Beyond the Pecos  
Lone Texas Ranger, The  
Sheriff of Cimarron  
Three Caballeros  
Thunderhead  
Topeka Terror

#### Previously Reviewed

Babes on Swing Street  
Brazil  
Cowboy from Lonesome River  
Crazy Knights  
Cyclone Prairie Rangers  
Dead or Alive  
Fighting Lady, The  
Firebrands of Arizona  
Gangsters of the Frontier  
Ghost Guns  
Great Mike, The  
Great Stagecoach Robbery, The  
Gun Smoke  
Her Lucky Night  
Here Come the Co-eds  
His Brother's Ghost  
Hitchhike to Happiness  
Keys of the Kingdom, The  
Lake Placid Serenade  
Law of the Valley  
Lights of Old Santa Fe  
Marked for Murder  
Meet Me in St. Louis  
Meet Miss Bobby Socks  
National Barn Dance, The  
National Velvet  
Nevada  
Nothing But Trouble  
Oath of Vengeance  
Old Texas Trail, The  
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay  
Pearl of Death  
Reckless Age  
Riders of Santa Fe  
Saddle Leather Law  
Sagebrush Heroes  
San Diego, I Love You  
Secret Mission  
Sergeant Mike  
Shadow of Suspicion  
Shadows of Death  
She Gets Her Man  
Sheriff of Las Vegas  
She's a Sweetheart  
Sing Me a Song of Texas  
Singing Sheriff, The  
Song of the Range  
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier  
Swing Hostess

Tall in the Saddle  
That's My Baby  
They Shall Have Faith  
This Man's Navy  
Town Went Wild, The  
When the Lights Go on Again  
Whispering Skull, The  
Vigilantes of Dodge City  
Wild Horse Phantom

### UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

#### Reviewed This Week

Steppin' in Society

#### Previously Reviewed

Adios Juventud (Spanish)  
Adventures of Kitty O'Day  
Alaska  
And Now Tomorrow  
Army Wives  
Arsenic and Old Lace  
Belle of the Yukon  
Between Two Women  
Big Bonanza, The  
Big Show-Off, The  
Black Magic Monogram  
Bowery Champs  
Bowery to Broadway  
Call of the Jungle  
Can't Help Singing  
Carolina Blues  
Casanova Brown  
Castle of Crimes  
Chicago Kid  
Climax, The  
Conspirators, The  
Dancing in Manhattan  
Dangerous Passage  
Dark Mountain  
Dark Waters  
Dead Men's Eyes  
Destiny  
Double Exposure  
Dragon Seed  
End of the Road  
Enemy of Women  
Enter Arsene Lupin  
Ever Since Venus  
Experiment Perilous  
Falcon in Hollywood, The  
Frisco Sal  
Girl Rush  
Going to Town  
Greenwich Village  
Grisley's Millions  
Guest in the House  
Hangover Square  
Having Wonderful Crime  
Here Come the Waves  
Hi Beautiful  
Hollywood Canteen

I Accuse My Parents  
I'll Be Seeing You  
I'm From Arkansas  
In the Meantime Darling  
Irish Eyes Are Smiling  
Jade Mask, The  
Kid Sister, The  
Last Ride, The  
Laura  
Lost in a Harem  
Main Street After Dark  
Man in Halfmoon Street, The  
Maria Candelaria (Spanish)  
Mark of the Whistler, The  
Marriage Is a Private Affair  
Marthe Richard (French)  
Master Race, The  
Missing Juror, The  
Mr. Emmanuel  
Mrs. Parkington  
Mummy's Curse, The  
Murder in the Blue Room  
Murder, My Sweet  
Music for Millions  
Music in Manhattan  
My Buddy  
My Gal Loves Music  
Naughty Marietta  
Night Club Girl  
No Escape  
None But the Lonely Heart  
Objective Burma  
One Body Too Many  
Pan-Americana  
Practically Yours  
Princess and the Pirate, The  
Seventh Cross, The  
Shadows in the Night  
Something for the Boys  
Song to Remember, A  
Step Lively  
Strange Affair  
Suspect, The  
Tahiti Nights  
Thin Man Goes Home, The  
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo  
Thoroughbreds  
Three Is a Family  
Till We Meet Again  
To Have and Have Not  
Tomorrow the World  
Under Secret Orders  
Unwritten Code, The  
Very Thought of You, The  
Wac, A Wave, A Marine, A  
Weird Woman  
What a Blonde  
When Strangers Marry  
Winged Victory  
Woman in the Window, The  
Youth on Trial